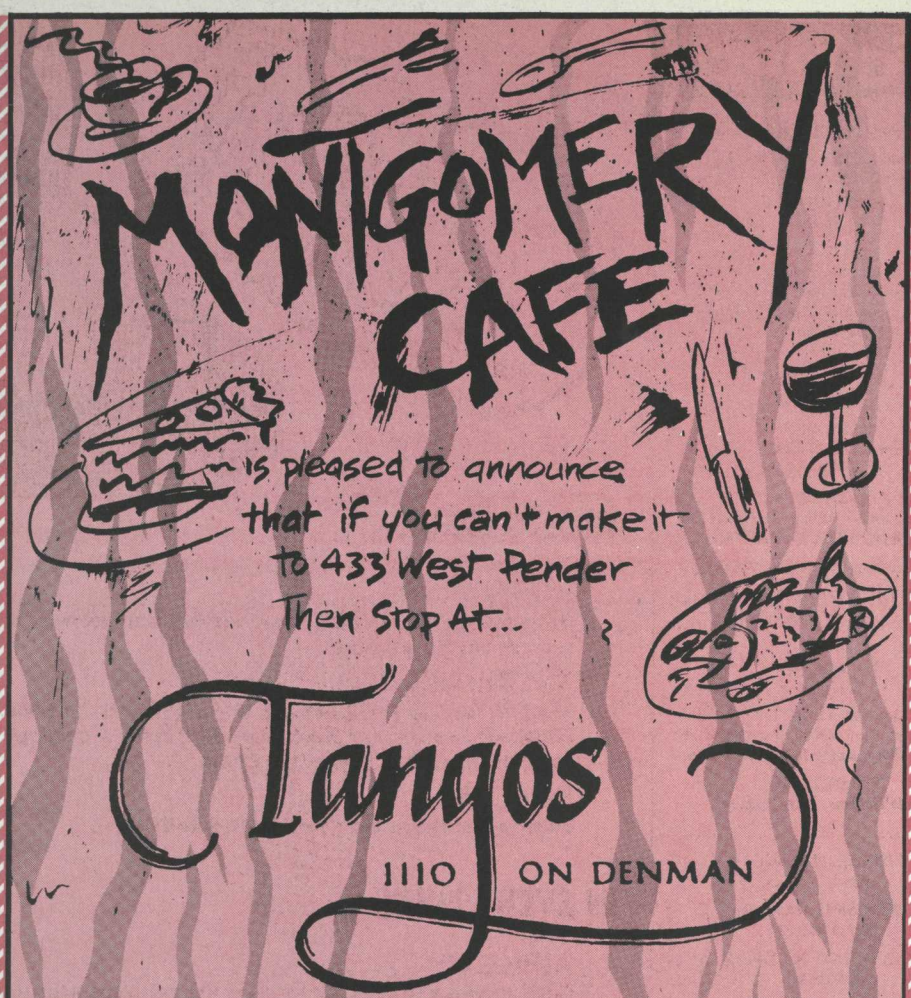
DISORDER

THAT MAGAZINE
FROM CITR FM 102
OCTOBER 1986
CABLE 100 FREE



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DISCORDER

That Magazine from CITR fm102 cable100
October 1986 • Vol. 4/No. 9

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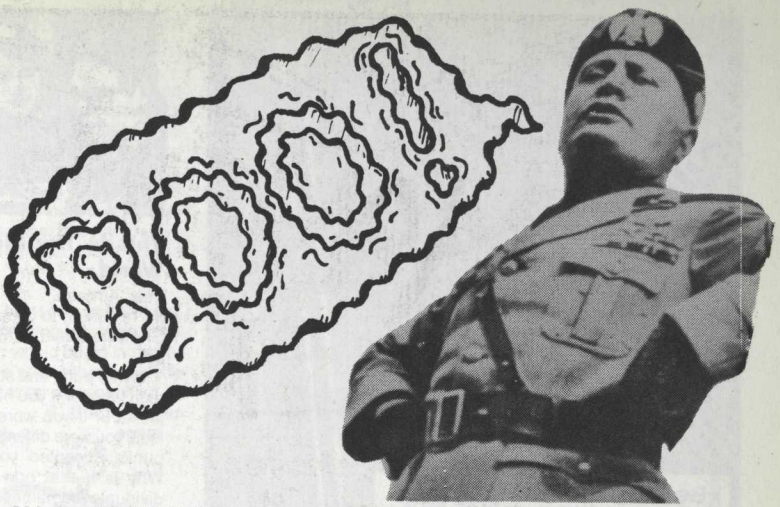

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Every Sunday is Cheap Thrill Sunday as Club Soda and F.A.A.D. present the best of Vancouver's 'New Music'.

October 2-4
Patrick McMahon

October 6&7
Madeleine with Special Guest Hoi Polloi

October 8-11
The R&B Allstars

October 13&14
Poisoned with Special Guests The Robert James Band and the Kyle Stein Band

October 15
Celebrity Fashion Show

October 16-21
TBA

October 22-25
Mike Jacobs and the Push

October 27&28
The Arrows

October 29
Doug Kershaw

October 30
From Australia Hunters & Collectors

October 31-November 2
The Meteors

CLUB SODA
1055 Homer 681-8202

DISCORDER
c/o CITR RADIO
6138 SUB BLVD.
VANCOUVER, B.C.
V6T-2A5

This Is The Modern World

Dear Airhead,

I'm writing to complain about Granville Street punks, so listen up!

When punk first started out, it didn't matter if you had a leather jacket or if you wore ripped nylons, you were different and other punks accepted you for that. Why is it that now certain individuals (no names mentioned) get to decide who's "in" the crowd. If you have a leather jacket, then you're okay, but if you wear ripped nylons, it's a sin.

Last summer, as a punk, I was accepted for what I was, but this summer I have found the punks so ignorant and boring that I'm sick of them—especially the ones who sit around acting like Kings & Queens of Hardcore. There's more to life than sitting on Granville and deciding who's "in".

Signed, my real name,
Claudia Taylor

"If one says to these people that their judgement is not their own, that it has been suggested to them, they will be offended. It is like this in most cases, for most people. Almost all of them receive their ideas already made, and follow popular opinion all their lives. They speak in the style of the times and dress according to fashion, not from any principle, but in order to act like the others. Servile immitators, who say yes or no according to suggestion, they believe themselves to be self-determining. Is this not folly?" (Chuang Tzu, 4th Century b.c.) borrowed by us from a Pete Shelley album cover.

Great Expectations

Dear Airhead,

Fuck SEXPO! I wuz really surprised when the FIRA concerts were announced, that SEXPO would even give good music a try. I thought, Hey Great, maybe SEXPO isn't as bad as I thought it wuz. But no! I wuz right the first time. When they cancelled the festival on account of Slow's performance, they proved themselves major idiots. When we went to see Slow, we were expecting the unexpected, as should be expected. People who weren't expecting the unexpected weren't expected to show up! And those who didn't know what to expect aren't expected to complain because they were confused to begin with.

Another thing is that they didn't give FIRA another chance. Fuck 'em! We don't need SEXPO anyway. We didn't ask for it and didn't expect it, and as far as we're concerned, it can go to SEXPO hell! Were you expecting a letter like this? Of course you were.

Yours greatly disturbed,
The Expected Letter

What Me Worry?

Dear Airhead,

I would like to start off by saying that I think CITR is a great radio station and I read *Discorder* religiously (1½ years now). I'm writing because I've noticed a drastic change in your airplay and especially in your Spin List. I notice you no longer have a numbered list (no real problem), but all the bands on it border on being commercial and are on major labels. What happened to independent (especially local) bands? The August issue had only three local bands. What about NoMeansNo, Animal Slaves, Emily, House of Commons, Bill of Rights, Poisoned, Death Sentence, Vertical Laughter et cetera?

Could you please explain to me why you don't play more local bands? I would hate to lose faith in my favorite station and publication.

Worried,
Barbi Roper (15)

Actually, losing faith in us would probably save you from eternal damnation. Still, if you must eat fire... CITR's commitment to local music is the same as always; perhaps you should ask the bands you mentioned when they plan to put something new out? When they do, we'll play

it. As for major label acts, they have always dominated the chart-top because of the way the playlist is made. The records listed in Discorder *are the ones that the 30 or so people that are DJs here have played the most number of times during the month. Major label artists are generally more well-known to most people (DJs too) and so they have a better chance, it seems, of getting on the turntable. It's a question of accessibility as much as one of value, which is why we shun numbers on the SpinList. If you only consult the chart in* Discorder, *then you're not getting the full story. We'll be talking more on this in future issues, but if you want to hear more things that are less common, call the request line and ask the DJ to play them. It's in his hands.*

—Don Chow, music director

Let's Play Post Office Again

Dear Airhead,

What the hell is going on with the letter from the idiot in Nepean, Ontario (August issue). I'm surprised the yellow bellied amphibian had the guts to sign his name! I'm moving to Kanata, Ontario (also a district of Ottawa) and frankly David, dear, you should be castrated. But hey, we'll let you live; but only because you didn't slander the underground scene in Ottawa. So let me take care of that one. Speaking as a resident of both Vancouver and Ottawa, I can honestly say the Vancouver scene is much more exciting. The Ottawa underground is too tame, and all the groups (dare I call them that?) seem to think they're on to something new; something which local Vancouver bands have been doing for quite a while. And CKCU (Carleton University Campus Radio) has no taste (or very little) and doesn't compare to CITR in terms of class. CITR lacks it desperately and that's what makes it so appealing to people like me.

And David; here's something for your surely one-celled amoeba brain to contemplate: if Ottawa was as dead as you claim, would I be moving there, and would you still live there? No siree Bob!

The Rich Bitch in Vancouver/Kanata

Do we need any more of this? I don't think so. Is Ottawa even part of Canada?

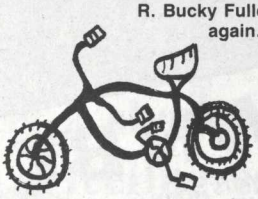
Yes, We Are The Scum Of The Earth

Dear Airhead,

Not only has the gauntlet been dropped, it has been smashed. No effort has been made to halt the increasing crassness of your non-covers, I see! I would rather see a picture of Karen Shea's mountain bike on the cover, instead of another cheesy, crayon-scrawled cartoon. Have you no integrity, you "alternative types"???

Please someone, besides me, send in something, even performance art would be an improvement!! I've seen more creativity in Fred Basset cartoons!!!

R. Bucky Fuller again...



A Cult Victim Confesses

Dear Airhead,

I'm so fuckin' pissed off! You know a couple months ago someone got pissed off cuz a bunch of trendies started liking and listening to Depeche Mode etc. Well, now The Cure has gone Top 40. Well, Fuck that! When I heard they were on Video Hits (CBC), I shit my pants (literally), along with probably quite a few people. Something should be done about this. It isn't fair! All of us who have supported and devoted our lives to these groups in their struggling years (namely The Cure) are now, or soon will be, known as sissies or trendies. Top 40 freaks who've never even heard of any underground or alternative groups will start liking our music only because it's become "trendy" in classification. What an insult!!

Yours in hell,
Pissed Off

Genesis, The Who, The Police, Madonna, Eurythmics, Wham, Supertramp, Rolling Stones, The Doors, Led Zeppelin, Queen, Kiss, Peter Frampton, Elton John, Bruce Springsteen, and Tina Turner. What do the previous recording artists have in common? There was once a time when all were hungry, struggling and (except for a rabid underground following) virtually unknown. Give it a rest, Pissed Off. Stop being an elitist goof.

Perryscope Concert Line Up

ON SALE NOW

CITR presents

Gene Loves Jezebel

with guests
Der Mittle Gang

October 4 • 9 pm • Town Pump

TICKETS STILL AVAILABLE

Molson Canadian Tour '86

CFMI presents

R.E.M.

With guests Guadalcanal Diary
October 5 • 8 pm • UBC Gym

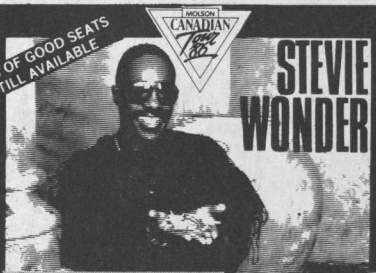
CKNW presents
THE MASTER OF ILLUSION

DOUG HENNING

THURS. OCT. 23 O.E. Theatre
Two Shows 6 • 9 pm

LOTS OF GOOD SEATS STILL AVAILABLE

Molson Canadian Tour '86



STEVIE WONDER

Concert in the round with a revolving stage, quadraphonic sound & 4 giant video screens!

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CFMI presents
Monday October 20 • 8 pm
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Tix: VTC/CBO and all usual outlets.
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Setting the Stage

DISCORDER & CITR
PRESENTS

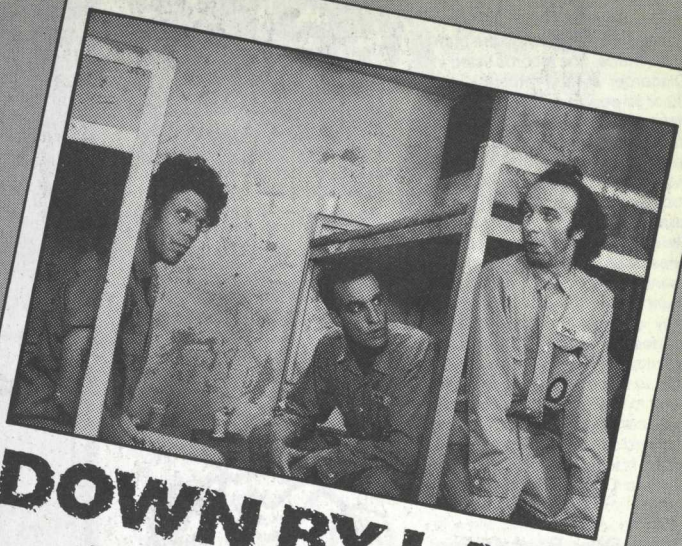
A SPECIAL FILM PREVIEW

Thursday, October 22nd, at 8:00 PM
at the
Cineplex Odeon Royal Centre

The first 50 people to bring this ad to the CITR studios between 9 and 5 weekdays will receive one pair of tickets to the special preview of **Down By law.**

Listen to CITR for more ticket give-aways.

25 copies of Tom Waits' new album "Rain Dogs" will be given away at the preview.



DOWN BY LAW

TOM WAITS · JOHN LURIE · ROBERTO BENIGNI
A NEW FILM BY JIM JARMUSCH

ISLAND PICTURES Presents A BLACK SNAKE-GROKENBERGER FILM PRODUCTION
DOWN BY LAW With TOM WAITS · JOHN LURIE · ROBERTO BENIGNI
Director of Photography ROBBY MÜLLER · Music JOHN LURIE · Songs by TOM WAITS · Editor MELODY LONDON
Co-Producers TOM ROTHMAN · JIM STARK · Executive Producers OTTO GROKENBERGER · CARY BROKAW · RUSSELL SCHWARTZ
Producer ALAN KLEINBERG · Written and Directed by JIM JARMUSCH

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

ISLAND PICTURES

"Three of the damnest performances in an eccentric ensemble since the Marx Brothers." Andrea Sarris, Village Voice

Opens at the Royal Centre and Dunbar Theatres Friday October 3rd.

A SERIOUSLY SEXY COMEDY

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT

ISLAND PICTURES PRESENTS A SPIKE LEE JOINT

R

ISLAND PICTURES

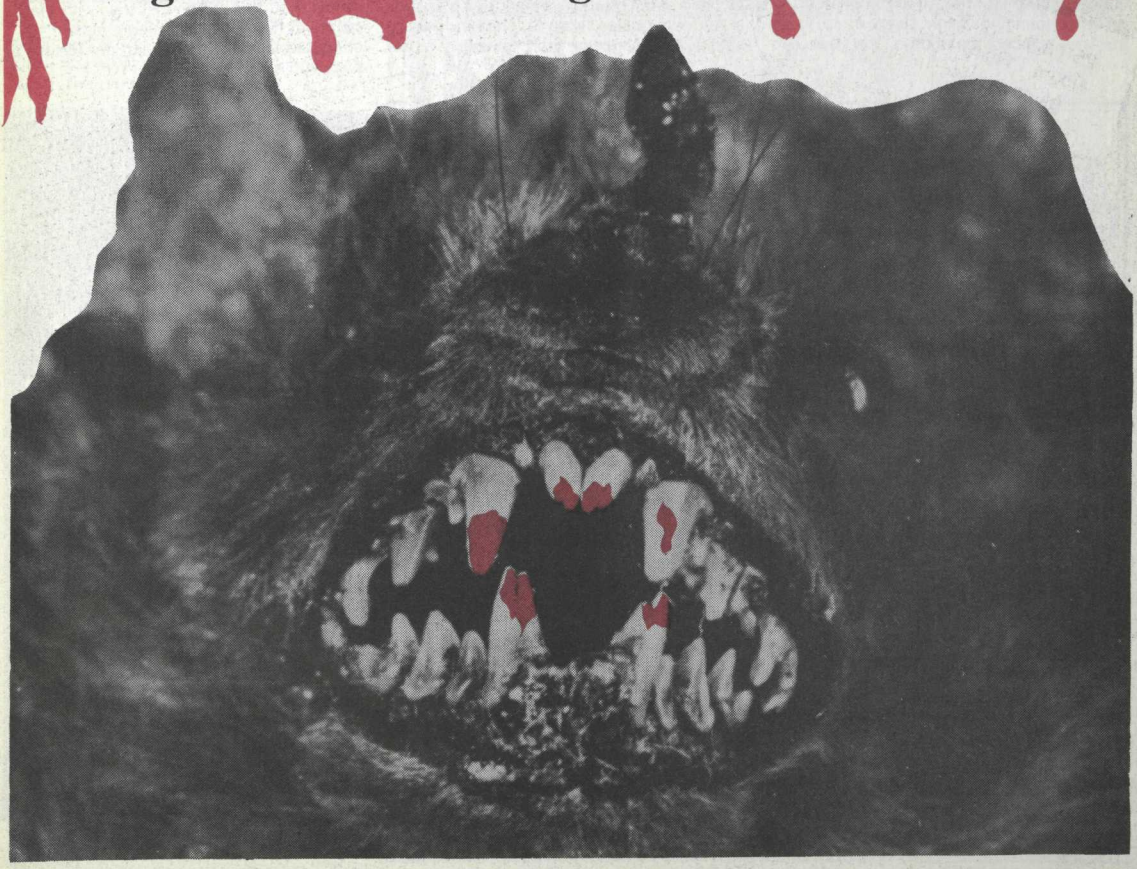
©1986 FORTY ACRES AND A MULE FILMWORKS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Opens at the Royal Centre and Dunbar Theatres Friday October 17th.

Listen to CITR for more ticket give-aways to the special film preview of **She's Gotta Have It** at the Royal Centre Thursday, October 16th.

HORROR

n (from *horrere,* to bristle, shake, be afraid) —a painful emotion of fear, dread and abhorence; a shuddering with terror and loathing; a feeling caused by something frightful and shocking.



"In a few steps, they were in utter and impenetrable dark. The air was still, stagnant, heavy, and sound fell dead. They walked as it were in a black vapour wrought of veritable darkness itself that, as it was breathed, brought blindness not only to the eyes but to the mind, so that even the memory of colours and of forms and of any light faded out of thought. Night always had been and always would be, and night was all."

(JRR Tolkien).

Boo!

Go ahead. Be afraid. Sweat. Shiver. Shit your pants even. It's that time of year, isn't it? Ghosts and goblins, jackals and wolves, huge slimey presences that breathe fire, eat virgins, vote conservative and believe in "the good ole days" (?). Hallowe'en is just days away, the grim edge of winter, the brink of the abyss. You'll want to keep your doors and windows closed, stock up on firewood and generally spend most of your time indoors. It'll be getting dark earlier and staying so longer. A lot of things will die.

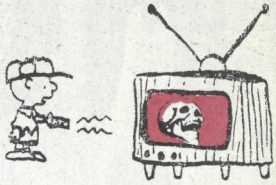
You'll watch more television than you have in months, check out some of the new fall shows, and eventually rent a bunch of videotapes; tapes with an accent on horror because, contrary to what your soft pastel suburban surroundings might suggest, you know that's what's cool these days. You've looked around, read the newspaper, listened to the radio. Horror is in. Next door, downtown, south of the border, all over the world.

Consider A Few Facts

1. We have the nuclear means to kill everybody on this planet forty times (or is it one-hundred forty?). 2. The ozone is rapidly disappearing over Antarctica and our experts have no clear idea what this means. 3. There are at least five times as many people (hetero and homosexual) fatally infected with AIDS but not yet showing symptoms, than there are already dying of it (these things take time). 4. They're still hiring at that post office in Alabama.

Yes, with the possible exception of mainstream popular music and late night television, everything is worse than it was ten years ago. Being cool, of course, this isn't news to you. It follows then (still being cool) that you want to know more about it, to share vicariously in some of this experience, ". . . the painful emotion of fear, dread and abhorrence; the shuddering with fear and loathing." It's only human to be curious, to harbor a healthy fascination for the pain, disease and insanity of your fellow humans. They are not islands. They share your planet. Their despair will inevitably affect you (or someone you know).

And what safer, more entertaining way to satisfy this curiosity than to watch a few movies. The following then is a brief primer concerning some of the quality horror currently available on videotape; an incomplete list of suggested study material for the long cold months ahead.



Zombie Gorror Epics

What if mankind as a whole got so evil that just about everyone who died went to hell, until one day hell overflowed, the gates broke down and all those evil dead types returned to earth as ravenously hungry human eating zombies? Such is the premise of director George Romero's "Living Dead" trilogy **(Night of the Living Dead, Dawn of the Dead** and **Day of the Dead).** Here's bone crushing, flesh mulching eyeball sucking biologically correct gore of the most extreme order. Here's more corpses than you could fill an LRT train with. Here's horror at its most disgustingly blatant.

Also well worthy of mention are **Return of**

LAST WEEK TO ENTER

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SECRET AGENT HEADQUARTERS

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TICKETS $20 at VTC/CBO Info. Centres in all Lower Mainland Malls, Eaton's, Woodwards, AMS Tkts./UBC. Charge by phone 280-4444 or at Secret Agent Headquarters.

For Full Rules call the Secret Agent HOTLINE 261-GAME or 683-5062

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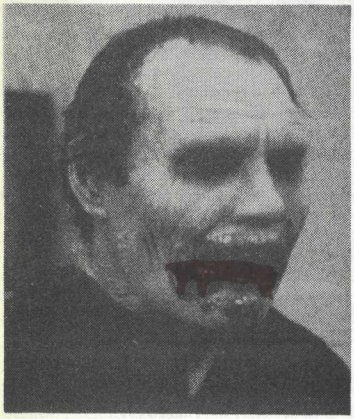
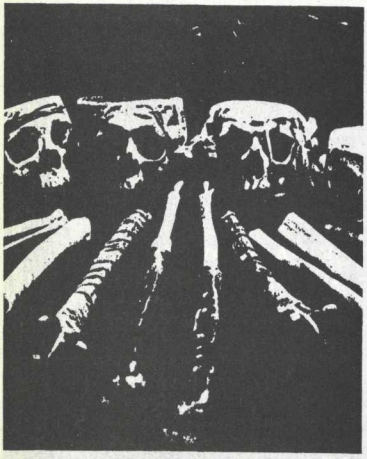
the Living Dead, an absolutely hilarious unofficial-rip-off-parody of Romero's trilogy (my personal favorite gorror epic simply because it is so funny); and **ReAnimator,** a grim twist on the Frankenstein legend which deserves special merit if only for one scene (unmentionable here) which manages to take the concept of repulsiveness beyond all reasonable bounds (speaking of which, BEWARE the censored versions of **ReAnimator** and **Day of**



the Dead. They are in greatest local abundance and are so badly butchered as to be ridiculous. As far as I know, only *Videomatica* carries the uncensored versions).



Monster Savage Jaw Epics

These are a lot like the Zombie Gorror Epics except the bad guys don't look quite so familiar (they're generally very ugly, very unhumanlike, very large creatures of the purely malevolent persuasion). Like the zombies, they have an insatiable preference for human flesh (or brains), and waste no time on pre-meal discussion or negotiations. The list of possible suggestions here is enormous—there have been many decent monster savage jaw epics—so I'll just mention my two personal favorites.

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OCT. 3 - OCT. 9 7:30 & 9:30

FROM JEAN-CHARLES TACHELLA, DIRECTOR OF *COUSIN-COUSINE*

STAIRCASE C

Based on the prize-winning novel by Elvine Murail

An hilarious and touching story of the broke, the busted, but most of all the thoroughly disgusted

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7:30 OCT. 10 - OCT. 16 9:30

RATING T.B.A.

ESCAPE FROM SEGOVIA

"Explosive... extraordinary reality... admirable suspense."
(New York Post)
In Spanish, English Subtitles

TRACKS IN THE SNOW
Pervola
IN DUTCH, ENGLISH SUBTITLES

7:30 OCT. 17 - OCT. 23 9:30

DRUM/SING
Featuring New Zealand's
FROM SCRATCH
AND
Colin McPhee:
THE LURE OF ASIAN MUSIC
RATING T.B.A.

DOLBY STEREO® IN SELECTED THEATRES

A COMPOSER'S NOTES: PHILIP GLASS:
THE MAKING OF AN OPERA
RATING T.B.A.

NEXT DOUBLE BILL
Koyaanisqatsi/28 Up
October 24-30

Jaws is Steven Spielberg's best film, no question. This tale of a lonely, hungry white shark stopping off the coast of New England for an extended early summer mealstop is not just savagely terrifying, but also very funny and dramatically satisfying (it's one of those movies that's definitely better than the book). You really do care about the various adults, teenagers and children who get munched, and that personalizes your horror.

Jabberwocky on the other hand isn't so much a film that horrifies, as one that's about horror. Director Terry Gilliam **(Brazil)** has fashioned a twistedly funny Medieval fable about a huge human-eating, countryside-ravaging monster, The Jabberwock, and the simple-stupid-yet-ambitious farmboy, Dennis Cooper, who eventually (quite by mistake) slays it. As much a historical treatise on the depraved and despotic intentions behind the creation of capitalism and the modern city as it is a monster movie, **Jabberwocky** is nevertheless quite grotesque, and it does shock, and it will make you think about horror and how the powers-that-be in society have always used it (real, psychological or otherwise) as a very efficient tool of oppression.

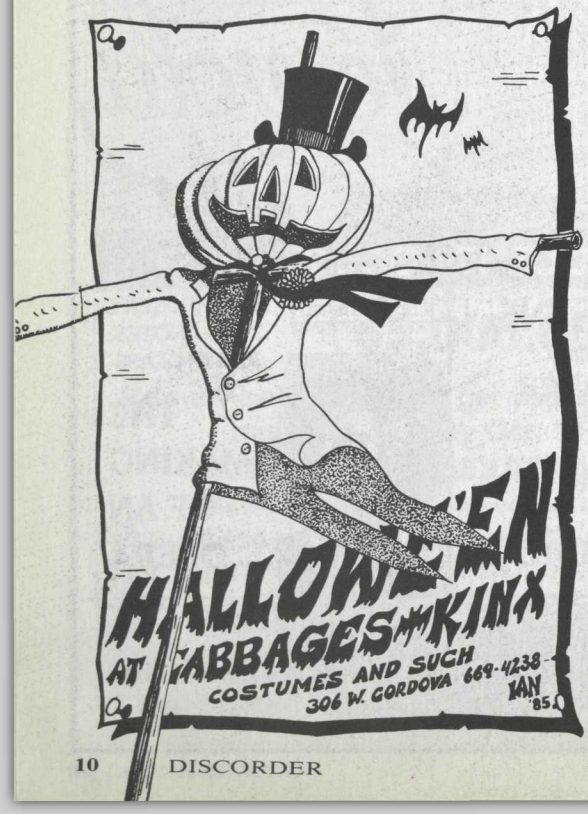
Which Brings Us To Real Life Horror

Sometimes you don't need mythical monsters, aliens or underwater living stomachs to turn you a shade pale. Sometimes (you know this, you're cool) real life turns the screw and cracks the laughter just fine all by itself. Take war for instance. Take **Apocalypse Now, Killing Fields, Salvador, Paths of Glory, Cross of Iron** et al. The only good thing about war is it makes for good anti-war movies. (Why does mankind still go to war? Why do we still butcher our brothers? Because it's good for the economy, that's why.)

War is stupid. Even Boy George knows that. It's a point which Peter Watkins' **The War Game** (not to be confused with Hollywood's bland **War Games)** drives home with terrifying power. Shot in black and white and incorporating cinema verite documentary filmmaking techniques, it concerns what would have happened to one medium-sized British city had there been a full-scale nuclear war in 1965 (the year the film was made). It concerns firestorms, melting children, huge lines of living corpses, the inevitable breakdown of what's left of society, the criminal stupidity of it all. Banned by the BBC (who paid to have it made) because various concerned bureaucrats found it simply too horrific, **The War Game** remains, twenty years later, virtually unknown (unlike ABC television's insulting **The Day After);** and therein lies the real tragedy. **The War Game** is the one war movie everybody should see. Only a psychotic could walk away and still be able to condone the possibility of any kind of nuclear attack, first strike or retaliatory (unfortunately, as far as I know, it's not yet available on video though it should be. Keep an eye open for it).

But War Isn't The Only Horrific Aspect Of Reality

What about TV game shows? Fast food franchises? Skinny Puppy? What about facism (specifically Mr. Hitler's attempt to institutionalize worldwide racism, genocide and barbarism), and the various reverberating effects his twisted vision still has on us today? Two



ALTERNATIVE TOP TEN VIDEOS:

1. SUBWAY
2. DON'T LOOK BACK-DYLAN
3. TROUBLE IN MIND
4. THE MONKEES
5. THE PASSENGER
6. GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE
7. RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD
8. MIXED BLOOD
9. PHILIP GLASS
10. HAMLET

VIDEOMATICA
SALES RENTALS
1829 WEST 4th AVE. AT BURRARD 734-0411

documentaries come instantly to mind. Leni Riefenstahl's Triumph of the Will is particularly chilling because it was commissioned by The Third Reich itself and so comes directly from the belly of the beast. It's all there: the power, the pageantry, the cast of hundreds of thousands. The lights and the powerful sound. No, it's not a Queen concert or the Liberty Day Celebration. It's the Nuremburg Rally.

Forty years later, half the world away, a different filmmaker captured something equally disturbing. **California Reich** (circa 1975) documents a resurgence of the old madness. The eyes are still blue, the skin is still white, and the folks are still so damned committed, concerned and normal. Too bad about the armbands. Too bad about the five year old kid who tells us Jews and Niggers should be killed and the parents who chuckle proudly at the precocity of this comment. But, of course, you've seen all this before. These are your Uncle Bob's home movies.

What Happens To Reality When The Going Gets Just Too Black?

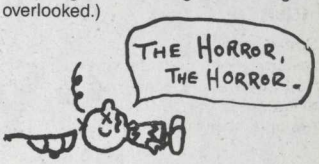
It gets strange, of course, slightly fantastic, bizarrely humorous and vaguely psychedelic. Souls break. The old ways bare their teeth and turn backward on themselves. Confusion rears its ugly head and meanings obscure. **Clockwork Orange, Brazil** and **O Lucky Man** are three of my all-time favorite films. Not so much horrors as satirical responses to the horror that is contemporary normality, they pick hard at the various flaws in the facade, flirt to varying degrees with the surreal, and push relentlessly toward a definitive impression of the universal disease which is madness: Society as an every imploding blackhole insatiably hungry (like the Zombies and the Savage Jaw Monsters) for the light that is the human spirit. And when the light's gone, what's left? Nothing of course, except nothing—for eternity. And what's eternity? Think quickly about some time when you were truly terrified. Maybe your first time on a roller coaster. Maybe your last time at the dentist. Remember how it felt like it would never end—there was just that vertigo sucking on your soul forever—except suddenly it did end. Well, eternity's just like that, except it never does end, and madness is just like eternity.

That's the real horror.

"Here is the final truth about horror movies: they do not love death as some have suggested; they love life. They do not celebrate deformity, but by dwelling on deformity, they sing of health and energy. By showing us the miseries of the damned, they help us to rediscover the smaller (but never petty) joys of our own loves. They are the barber's leeches of the psyche drawing not bad blood but anxiety... for a little while, anyway." (Steven King.)

—Bill Mullan

(With apologies for all the great films I ignored or overlooked.)



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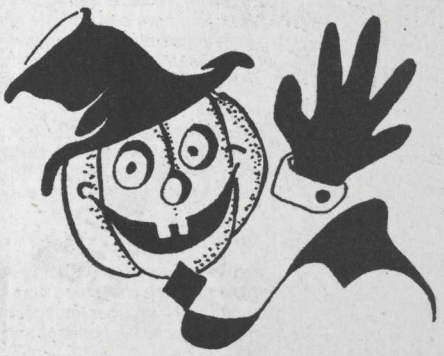

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TAKIN' THE RAP

FATS COMET—THREE OR FOUR ACTS IN ONE

"We're seriously into production, but we're in a serious educating mode too. We're trying to let everybody know exactly how important it is to know the different styles of music that can be available, and what we're able to do. Pretty soon, some of the Fats Comet stuff might be early National Geographic presents Fats Comet. It'd be a very educational experience, in a day and age where a lot of people are more or less into, 'well how can you follow somebody else's groove?' We really wanna do as much educating as we can, just as far as new sounds, and what a human being is capable of doing in the different roles and ideas he can project."

—Badass Mutherfker**

"Your basic abuse of technology." **—Funky Whiteboy**

THE PLAYERS

In 1979, bad-ass-motherfucker-in-your-face bass player Doug wimbish and funky-white-boy drummer Keith LeBlanc were the heart of the house band for Sugarhill Records. They did the music for some 27 different rap acts, making it possible to take rap off the street and onto vinyl for the first time. Although they missed out on the fame and fortune enjoyed by the more vocal rappers, LeBlanc, Wimbish, and guitarist Skip McDonald have been quietly crunching on people's ears while moving ever forward. Much more than just studio musicians, they're responsible for Tackhead, Mark Stewart & The Maffia, Grandmaster Flash's The Message, *Malcolm X's* No Sell Out, *and the list goes on and on. Along with British producer and mix-whizzard Adrian Sherwood, they are also known as Fats Comet.*

THE SETTING

A rooftop in New York City. It is an evening in mid-summer, and the sound of the streets can be heard clearly in the background. LeBlanc and Wimbish enter carrying 200 pounds of TNT attached to a kick drum, forty gallons of gasoline, a twelve foot rail attached to some sheet metal by four bass guitar strings, and a special blend of 17 different herbs and spices.

A neighbour screams at them, wonders what the hell they're doing.

WIMBISH: We're in the process of doing some more Fats Comet stuff, keeping Fats real chubby. He has a very big appetite, so we must feed him new music and new ideas or he might burp on us. We're going to experiment deeply, and get into more of our real roots. Keith and I played a lot of jazz and funk coming up, so we're gonna do some of that, but not just traditional—oh-they're-trying-to-sound-like—type of shit.

LEBLANC: We're gonna take it a bit further on the technical side.

(Starts running wires from a wall outlet into the TNT.)

WIMBISH: It'll be tech, but it'll be the raw playing there too. It's gonna be serious slammin'. *(Lights a match).* Plus, we're very friendly now, so we're working with a lot of other musicians. Keith has an album out called *Major Malfunction.*

(Wimbish sets fire to the herbs and spices. A healthy cloud of multi-colored smoke envelops both he and LeBlanc.)

LEBLANC: We might do a tour here in the States, with Adrian Sherwood live, dubbing the gigs. He's actually part of the band; we don't do gigs without him. As a matter of fact, when we do gigs, people go just to watch him mix. If we did it in New York, people would either love it or they'd hate it, that type of situation. Usually, when people are turned off to something right away, it's because they don't understand it.

Fats Comet, l to r, Adrian Sherwood, Keith Leblanc, Skip McDonald, Doug Wimbish.

Or, it's something new—that's been proven for years—and with Adrian mashing a mix while we're playing... People are used to hearing everything you do on stage. Being studio musicians, there might be people coming to the gigs wanting to hear a lot of the things we play. But Adrian might take the bass out for a good minute, and pan bass drum across the audience.

(The smoke cloud has grown enormously. It covers the whole rooftop now. The aforementioned neighbour has collapsed and fallen off the building, but LeBlanc and Wimbish ramble on unaffected.)

WIMBISH:

Everybody has their own way of interpreting things. The bottom line is just doing what you feel you have to. The person has to be able to express themselves, or hope that whatever they're translating, someone else can appreciate. But a lot of times, people just go with the flow of whatever somebody else thinks is hip, is thinking about. We don't really worry about that, because there are so many different categories that we can put people's heads into—or their ears, at least—musically. It all adds up to 13 to me, just keep pumping the stuff out. I know what we're gonna do, the shit's gonna thrash. It's just a matter of time. Me and Skip and Keith and Adrian, we know what time it is. And obviously, other time-keepers have been knowing what time it is. You've got to be in the ball park to get hit, you can't be at the side talking about swing. We ain't about that, we're just, "OK, that's fine, that didn't happen. Next..." It's a matter of odds. Some people's outlooks—not mine personally—are in selling records and making big mega-stars. Everybody would, of course, love to do that. The more things you put out, the more chance you have of getting what you call a hit. Some people need a hit just to be able to do what they got to do. There's a lot of different avenues...

LEBLANC:

Everything's a hit till it hits the street, haha. Then you find out what's a hit and what isn't.

(Emergency sirens have begun to wail in the distance. Wimbish and Leblanc ignore them.)

WIMBISH:

We're looking at around the end of the year before we really start seeing some response to what's happening. There's a lot of things we've put out in different territories, enough to shake up some people's reactions. We wanna see exactly where we stand, and we're experimenting with different things so that if we strike up on something, we can follow it through and project the right proper image. We have three or four different things out, under different names. It's good to be able to go into different territories and they know us under a certain vibe. Like we go to Amsterdam and they're aware of us as Fats Comet and as Mark Stewart and Maffia. We go to other places and it's a different setting...

LEBLANC:

They come to see Tackhead

WIMBISH:

Tackhead is getting a little name. In England, of the records got a lot of response, just among the traditional Tackheads—and that's all we really want. Once you get to the root of who really understands what you're doing, they can tell the story. And that usually creates a group keeping an underground vibe happening, a true audience that you can depend on, year after year. Those are the ones you wanna make sure you take care of first, because they're the ones who'll stick behind you, night and day. We have a lot of faithful fans throughout the world, and they've seen us under different eyes. I was just on the road with Jeff Beck, and so they saw a member of the Fats Comet crew under a whole 'nother light. And Keith did all of the ABC drum program album, which is about as commercial as you can get.

LEBLANC:

You gotta protect yourself. You can't let people put you in a category...

WIMBISH:

Stay trendy till they're ready for you, because once they start figuring you out...

LEBLANC:

...you're done, you're over, you're history. We did a couple of Mark Stewart gigs in London, and the crowd loved it. We loved it. The critics hated it. Mark Stewart is kind of punk hero in the UK, and when they saw basically a studio band come in and do a gig with him, all these hardcore punk enthusiasts loved it, but the writers hated it. If you play in the UK and the reviewers hate you—the real trendy ones—then you know you're doing something new and different. Sigue Sigue Sputnik was at our gigs in the front row, every night.

(The sirens are louder now. Leblanc ventures out of the herb smoke for a moment, peers over the edge of the building, then shrugs unconcernedly.)

LEBLANC:

We try not to do too many things for money. There are those times when you have to do a project you don't really care for. We haven't had to do that for a while, which is good. The basic thing is to work on stuff we genuinely like. We go in the studio and have a good crack, as they say. There was this one studio we were in for months at a time; we had this joke about being locked in there and having a plate of food put under the door everyday. No radio, no communication with the outside—we were saying, what kind of music would you come up with after a month of that?

WIMBISH:

Just the air conditioner for company. We were up in North London in the midst of the worst winter in fifty fucking years. But it was good, you're able to work.

LEBLANC:

New York's the home of fast everything. So we go to London to cut this experimental stuff because there's no limit on time. We can really take our time and craft the stuff just the way we want it. Here, it's kinda fast food, fast everything.

WIMBISH:

People need it quick, you know what I mean? With cheese? Without cheese? Yes, we want a DJ, we want the motherfucker done in two minutes... it keeps you up on what's happening. You stay sharp or else you become dull, like a butter knife. Anybody can spread butter. We're making music here.

(A commotion arises just off-stage: shouts, spotlights. Suddenly a half-dozen firemen charge out onto the

rooftop, axes and hoses poised for action. But the smoke confuses them. They stumble stupidly about. Leblanc and Wimbish ignore them.)

LEBLANC: There's a lot of new talent coming, and there's a big movement coming in the music industry. The whole English thing of, 'let's go in the studio and cut a record and put our own record'—that's happening across this country now, with little independents in Chicago, a whole punk vibe there, and San Francisco... So you have all this new talent coming up, and there's gotta be someplace for it to go. It's not just going to stagnate. It's gonna have to come out, because along with this new talent, you have a whole generation of record buyers. But the band situation in America is rough, because of the way the music industry sits at the moment. A lot of good bands break up because they're stuck into being that band, by the record company.

WIMBISH: And people want to identify them on that vibe alone. They expect you not to go outside of those boundaries.

LEBLANC: So naturally, someone says, I wanna do this, and someone says, I wanna do that. They can still do that, and they can still be a band, if they just started out that way in the beginning. I think doing sessions helped us to look at things that way because there were times when only one or two of us would play on a track, while another person was doing something else, maybe engineering the track.

(The firemen are all unconscious now, just limp heaps at Wimbish's and Leblanc's feet. The smoke is thicker than ever.)

WIMBISH: We're like business partners and consultants amongst ourselves. There's a definite foundation here as Fats Comet, a group of four people who have an outlook and goal of what we wanna do. We all have different involvements to keep us busy, but we still pull all of us in and bust out the project, or whatever. Everybody's an individual, and when you have that type of freedom when you collectively get together, there's a much better understanding. It was real satisfying when the Fats Comet situation really got —together, it was like a scapegoat for all the stuff that everybody, collectively and individually, wanted to do. It's the avenue to whatever, it's like, there are no restrictions in this vibe. We just keep putting the stuff out.

(Wimbish starts pouring gasoline over the TNT. He strikes a match. Leblanc pounds frenetic sixteenth notes on the kick drum. They're committed, cool and in control, but how long can they keep this stuff up? Watch out for the new Tackhead and Fats Comet LPs; the groove'll be enough to beat you to the ground.)

Curtain

Directed by Don Chow

OCTOBER HIGHLIGHTS

1st — Lost Durangos
2nd — Hunting Party
4th — Gene Loves Jezebel
6th — Faith No More
8th — Go Four Three
9-10-11 — Bolera Lava
12th — Fishbone
20th — John Cale with Chris Spedding
27th — The Screaming Blue Messiahs

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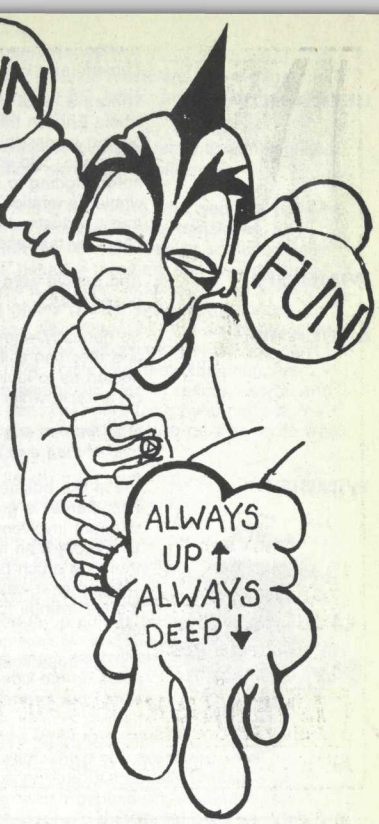
Shindig



IT WAS EVENING, SEPT. 15, 1986, twilight, just before the death of the day. I was walking down Powell Street on my way to that corner store that sells boiled eggs, when I noticed a BCTV van just outside the Savoy. I thought maybe something exciting was happening, so I went inside.

I walked around, surrepitiously looking for signs of uproar, and I was just about to leave when I noticed this big sign with the word SHINDIG boldly printed across it. I'd heard about this CITR-Shindig thing, so I decided to check it out. I guess I lucked out because I found out that the Savoy had incentive plans for people who arrive before nine. I couldn't resist; I had a couple of drinks over a *Discorder.*

By the time the first band started their set, the place was full and, word had it, there was a huge line-up outside. *Johnny Chrome* were tight (so were the lead singer's pants). They (the band, now her trousers) received enthusiastic audience response but in this fallen world of mutability and mortality, appearances can be deceiving. *Johnny Chrome* came in third.

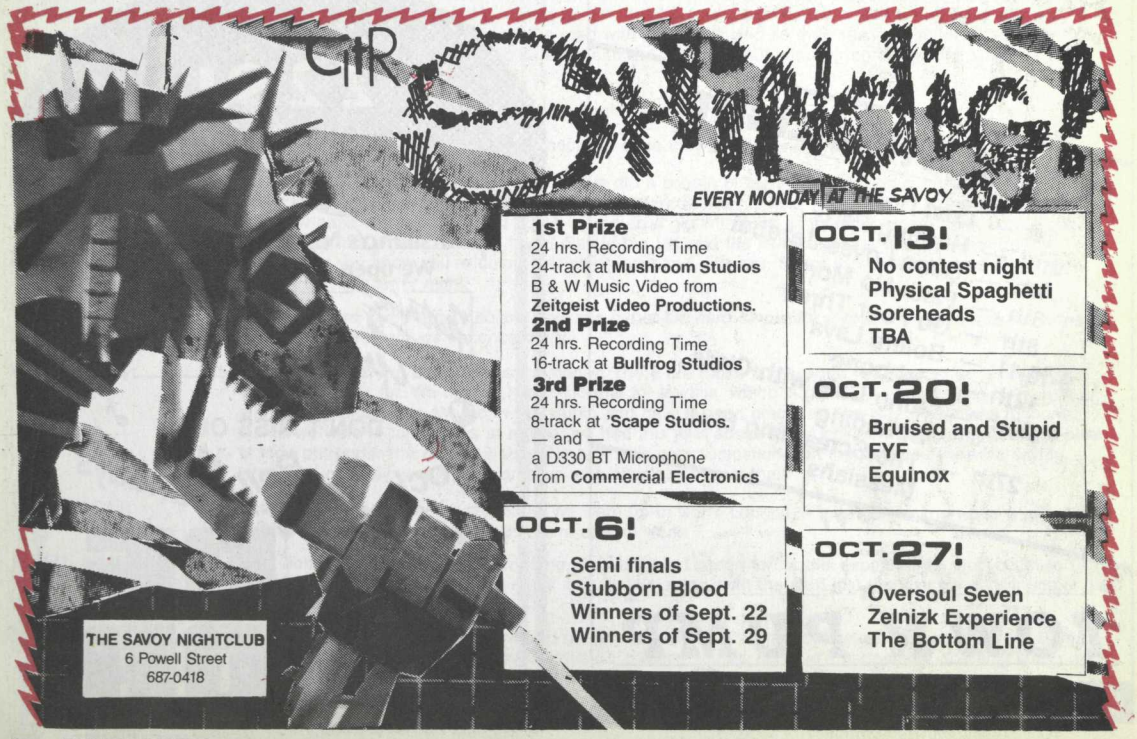
Between bands, this guy hopped up on stage and offered people free beer for funny jokes. I was beginning to slur so I didn't put my considerable talents to the test. Nevertheless, several others did try, and some of them won.

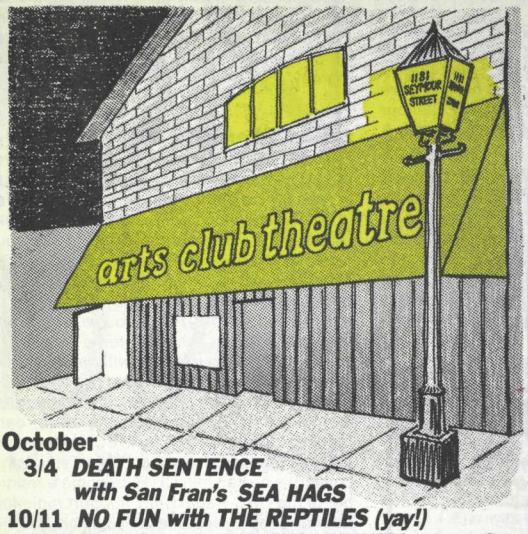
And eventually *Second Skin,* the second band, started to roar. They sounded pretty good (kind of like REM, kind of original). Maybe they'll start getting airplay on CITR. I hope so. They came in second.

Which means, of course, that the third band, *Stubborn Blood,* won. They blazed onto the stage with an energetic set of rock 'n roll that the audience really dug. People got up and danced and had a super gnarly good time. *Stubborn Blood* go on to compete for big prizes and rock star notoriety at the Shindig semi-finals, October 6th.

I go on to wonder how any normal person could not have the best Monday night of their life just be dropping by the Savoy. Even BCTV were there.

—*Julia*





October

3/4 *DEATH SENTENCE with San Fran's SEA HAGS*
10/11 *NO FUN with THE REPTILES (yay!)*
17/18 *From Toronto COWBOY JUNKIES w/guests*
24/25 *Jason Grant's Birthday Party with very special guests and friends.*
31/1 *Bat Cave Night with DER MITTELGANG*

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S.FUSION (WEDNESDAY 12-3 PM)
BEHIND THE BEYOND (WEDNESDAY EVENINGS 7-9)
Black Plague Radio (WEDNESDAY 9-11 PM)
Dark Shadows (THURSDAY 9-11 PM)

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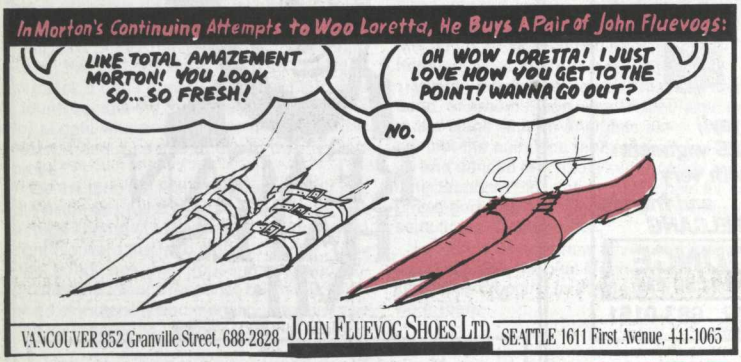
BEHIND THE DIAL

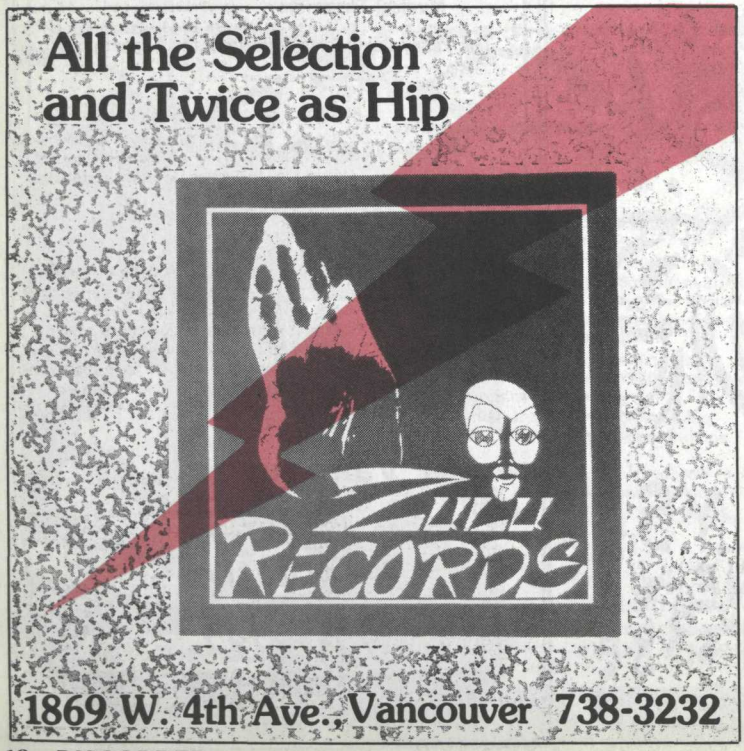
Hello Stranger!

CITR HAS HIRED a Program Co-ordinator, though we don't actually know what this means. Will there actually be a decrease in on-air stupidity? Will all our DJs have to learn to speak English? Will we drastically alter our music programming and go stereo Country & Western?

Maybe Phil Menger knows (he probably doesn't). One thing is certain. He will be influencing the nature of CITR's overall programming in a substantial way. His background in radio (particularly in news and public affairs) is extensive, and currently includes freelance work with the CBC (they're the ones who Brian Mulroney thinks are communists).

So if things get better, you'll know who might be responsible. If they don't, the old cow was probably too sick to save anyway (who said that?). Good luck, Phil. Think of it as Purgatory which at least means it's not Hell. Not yet anyway.





Could There Be More To Life?

IT'S OCTOBER, harvest time. The solstice is past. The pagans are on the loose. Decay is in. Wild mood swings should be encouraged (they certainly can't be avoided); so you took a chance you know deep down inside you never should have taken. You grabbed a copy of this suspect little magazine, and the scarey part is, you're still holding it (you must be if you're reading this), and you've begun to seriously wonder: could there be more?

There is, of course. As with all ever-unfolding-flowers and bottomless pits (we think we're somewhere in between), there's a whole lot more to CITR than meets the eye or ear. Indeed, for a mere $20 for UBC students or $30 for community members (that's you, Vancouver!), you can join CITR, become a member of the UBC Radio Club, support radio for normal people, become a living, breathing, vitally concerned and aware human being. Seriously.

Your membership gives you access to training in radio skils, top-notch equipment, and possibly (no promises) the opportunity to inflict yourself (aurally) on an unsuspecting yet needy public. And if you join now, you have the option of receiving the CITR 50th Anniversary membership package. Included are a snappy bumpersticker, some swell buttons, a CITR operating manual, and a special 50th Anniversary T-shirt (all for only $30; that's *including* the membership).

You are not a fool. How could you say no?

Attention World Travellers!

PLANNING A TRIP to Tibet? How about Baltimore? Princeton? The West Edmonton Mall? It doesn't matter where. The important thing is, *Discorder* needs you. As with all print conspiracies whose end goal is to completely subvert world order and bring in a new era of unchecked barbarism (you didn't read this), *Discorder* has to first get out to the world. Unfortunately, our budget does not allow for clandestine air drops (we can't afford the fuel); and that's where you come in. Seeing as how you're going there anyway (Seattle for instance) why not drag a bundle of *Discorders* along?

Know what it's like to export subversion, to risk your life and reputation for a truly noble cause, to get fresh painter's ink all over your hands. Please do give us a call if you can possibly help (228-3017; ask for Station Manager Harry Hertscheg). Otherwise, there *will* be nuclear war, and you'll have only yourself to blame, so there.

CITR Presents:

Oct. 3: **Grapes of Wrath/Bolero Lava/The Waterwalk** SUB BALLROOM, UBC

Oct. 4: **Gene Loves Jezebel (with Der Mittlegang)** Town Pump, Gastown

And of course **Shindig,** every Monday night at the Savoy.

ON THE DIAL

CITR fm102 cable100

WEEKDAY REGULARS

7:30 am **Sign-On**

8:00 am **WAKE-UP REPORT**
News, sports and weather.

10:00 am **BREAKFAST REPORT**
News, sports and weather followed by GENERIC REVIEW and INSIGHT.

12:00 pm **HIGH PROFILE.**

1:00 pm **LUNCH REPORT**
News, sports and weather.

3:00 pm **AFTERNOON SPORTSBREAK**

5:00 pm **DINNER MAGAZINE**
News, sports and weather followed by GENERIC REVIEWS, INSIGHT and a DAILY FEATURE.

4:00 am **Sign-Off**

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

THE JAZZ SHOW
9:00 pm-12:30 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Album Features: 11:00 pm.

06 Oct. **Thelonious Monk at Town (1959)**—this concert was a significant one in Monk's career as it represented the first formal presentation of his unique music. Monk and his Orchestra and some great soloists... Charlie Rouse, Pepper Adams, Phil Woods, Donald Byrd one fine evening of jazz.

13 Oct. **"Complete Communion"** is the title of a fine and unfortunately forgotten album by Don Cherry and Gato Barbieri. This record, done in 1965 will sound ad fresh as tomorrow and properly place this album near the top rank of trumpeter, composer Don Cherry's output.

20 Oct. **"The Far East Suite"** by Duke Ellington has long been recognized as one of Duke's masterpieces. It was created and recorded late in his life (1967) before death and retirement took some of the best voices from the band. Duke with Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton etc. This is a 'Jazz Feature' repeat.

27 Oct. **"Outward Bound"** was the title of Eric Dolphy's first album under his own name. The record catapulated one of Jazz music's most important and controversial reedman to fame. Eric was the master of the alto saxophone, bass clarinet and flute and in his short life opened many ears to new sounds. We will also hear some unissued takes from this most important recording debut.

TUESDAYS

THE EDGE ON FOLK
8:00-9:30 pm

Vancouver's only Prime Time radio show featuring traditional music from around the world. Tune in and hear anything from the "Rogue" Folk of The Pogues, to Celtic music e.g. Boys of the Lough, to singer/songwriters of the highest calibre. Join host Steve Edge on his weekly sojourn along The Edge of the folk scene!

Features during the month are:—

07 Oct. **Ferron.** A wonderful singer/songwriter from B.C. She has taken a year off, but returne to action last month. Here's a sample of what we've been missing

14 Oct. **Dave Swarbrick.** Stalwart fiddler with seminal UK folk-rockers Fairport Convention for many years, he now heads another fine band, Whippersnapper.

21 Oct. ***Figgy Duff & Red Island.*** Two of Newfoundland's best bands. Recorded 'live' by CHMR Radio in St. John's.

28 Oct. A look back at a Summer of Folk Festivals and an appraisal of Folklife at Expo 86 — oasis or barren wasteland?

BUNKUM OBSCURA
9:30-11:00 pm

An eclectic mishmash of audio distrubances, playlist and requests presented by a former circus entertainer who was fired from the cannon one too many times.

LOVE PEACE AND VIOLENCE
11:00 pm-1:00 am

Imagine phone books that drip blood when you try to tear them in two, empty plastic garbage pails that smell of blind rabbit flesh, empty skulls all piled up and arranged in rows like hedges near the Parliament buildings. Imagine radio that is past not caring. Imagine words so complex it takes three grown men to pronounce them. It's later than you think.

PLAYLOUD
Late night 1:00-4:00 am

The anquish of an uprooted plant is not diminished by its impalpable lightness. The world is a metaphor for its own suffering. Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

WEDNESDAYS

JUST LIKE WOMEN
5:15-6 pm

Tune in for 45 minutes of invigorating and stimulating interviews, news and music. For anyone interested in women's issues or learning more about them.

ROCK: THE UNDERWORLD
6:00-8:00 pm

Digest your din-din in rockin' style. Mike Dennis and the Godfather (Jimmy Pattison Jr) spin the latest and hippest in the rock 'n roll underground. A typical desert may feature Husker Du pudding or Sonic Youth cheesecake, and don't forget from 7:30-8:00, we feature the "hellfire club" when we play all the cool classics, from acid rock to rockabily to punk.

THE AFRICAN SHOW
8:00-9:30 pm

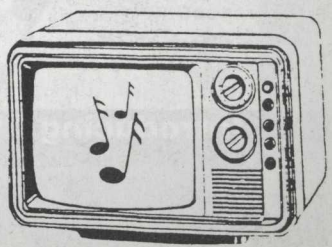
Catch the latest in African news and Music with Umerah Patrick Onukwulu and Todd Langmuir. News at 8:30. Special feature weekly at 9:00. Onward-Harambe.

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?
9:30-midnight

Music and paranoid delusions. Twenty minute workouts for marginal psychotics. Travis B delivers music for people with an attitude problem.

THE KNIGHT AFTER
Midnight to 4:00 am

Music to clobber Yuppies by (and anyone wearing floral baggy shorts). Featuring radio shows traded with alternative stations in Europe and the U.S., and every 5 weeks a new episode of MUSIC FROM THE TAR PITS, an ode to early seventies recreational-substance rock. Regular guests include MOAMMAR K., the Prince of Wales and Lyndon Lerouche.



THURSDAYS

PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER!
3:00-5:00 pm
Join Rock Action and Crusty Love for cool tunes and special guests and features.

TOP OF THE BOPS
8:00-9:00 pm
Screaming guitars, throbbing basses, pounding drums, pumping pianos and howling saxes: Top of the Bops has them all, and you can have them too!

TEENAGE TORPOR
9:00-11:00 pm
Feeling like a lost pair of Boxer shorts in the laundromat of oblivion? You're not alone.

MEL BREWER PRESENTS
11:00 pm-Midnight
At long last, something to fill in the gap between *Hill Street Blues* and *David Letterman*. Join Pat, Jay and Jerry in the weekly menage of local music, interviews, mike squeals and general ineptness.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE
10:30-11:30 am
Join host Kirby Hill for interviews, features, and a taste of the exotic. The White Wolf lives!

POWER CHORD
3:30-5:00 pm
Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY
5:30-8:00 pm
The summer replacement for the Saturday night P.J. Party. Mike Mines & Robin Razzell invite you to a world of bibulous pleasure via the newest psychedelic sounds from both sides of the pond. Just add ice and shake.

THE BIG SHOW
9:30 pm-midnight
Elevate your BPMs with Robert Shea and Al Big. And shine your shoes, for God's sake.

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW
Late night 1:00-4:00 am
Now, finally, a reason to stay up past the BIG SHOW on Friday nights. Yes, Andreas Kitzmann and Steve Gibson dish out requests, new music, interviews and selfless egotism.

WEEKEND REGULARS

8:00 am	**Sign-On**
Noon	**BRUNCH REPORT** News, sports and weather.
6:00 pm	**SAT./SUN. MAGAZINE** News, sports and weather, plus GENERIC REVIEW, analysis of current affairs and special features.
4:00 am	**Sign-Off**

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

EARLY MUSIC SHOW
7:30-10:00 am
Have breakfast to music from the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque periods, played on strange and exotic instruments. With host Paul Smith.

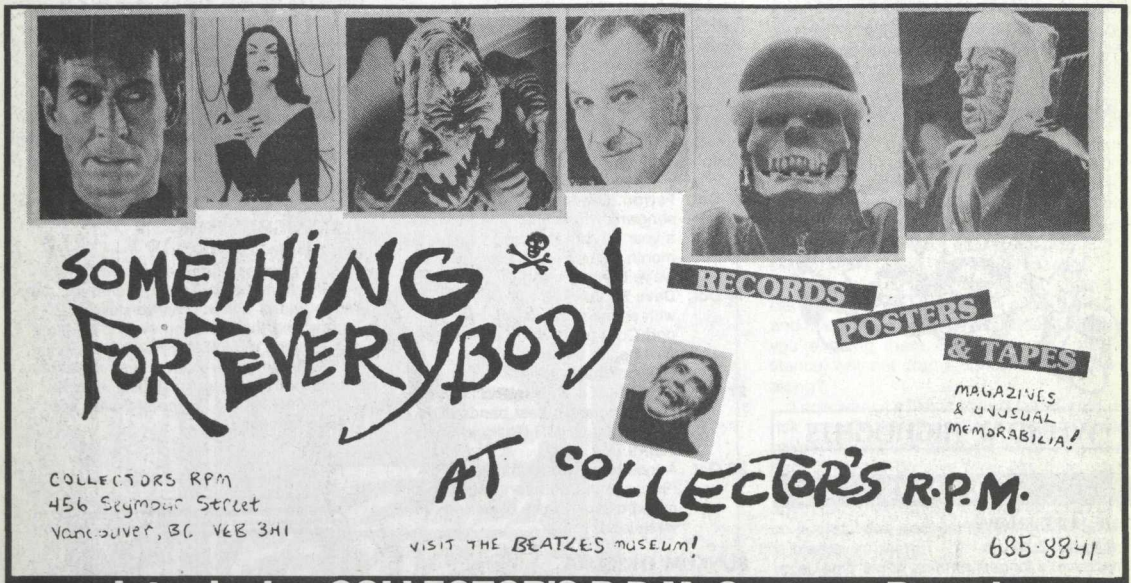
NEOFILE
Noon-4:00 pm
A rundown of the newest, most exciting and insipid releases raked in during the week at CITR. Join music directors and charismaleptic hosts Don Chow and Kevin Smith for an eclectic musical pig-out, with occasional interviews, live mixes, and peripheral relevance.

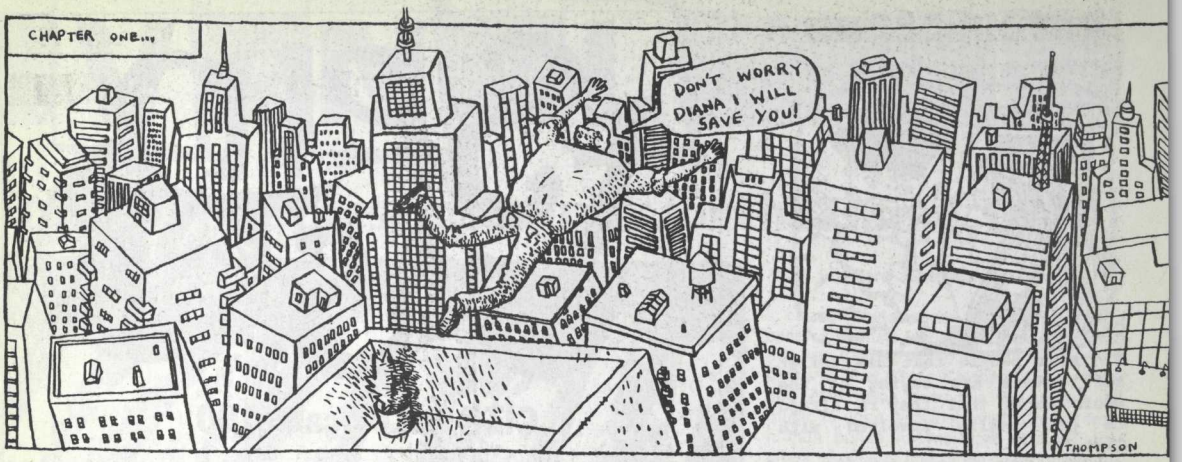
PROPAGANDA!
6:30-9:00 pm
An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, High Profiles, and other features with Mike Johal.

CITR SPORTS PRESENTS

Pregame Show 7:20 pm
Kickoff 7:30 pm
Live Thunderbird hockey play by play from Thunderbird Arena.
04 Oct. vs. University of Manitoba

TUNES 'R' US
Late night 1:00-4:00 am
Music, Music, Music, Handyman Bob, Music,





Music, My Favorite Album, Music, Music, Experimental To Classical, Teddy Kelowna presents, and yes more music.

SUNDAYS

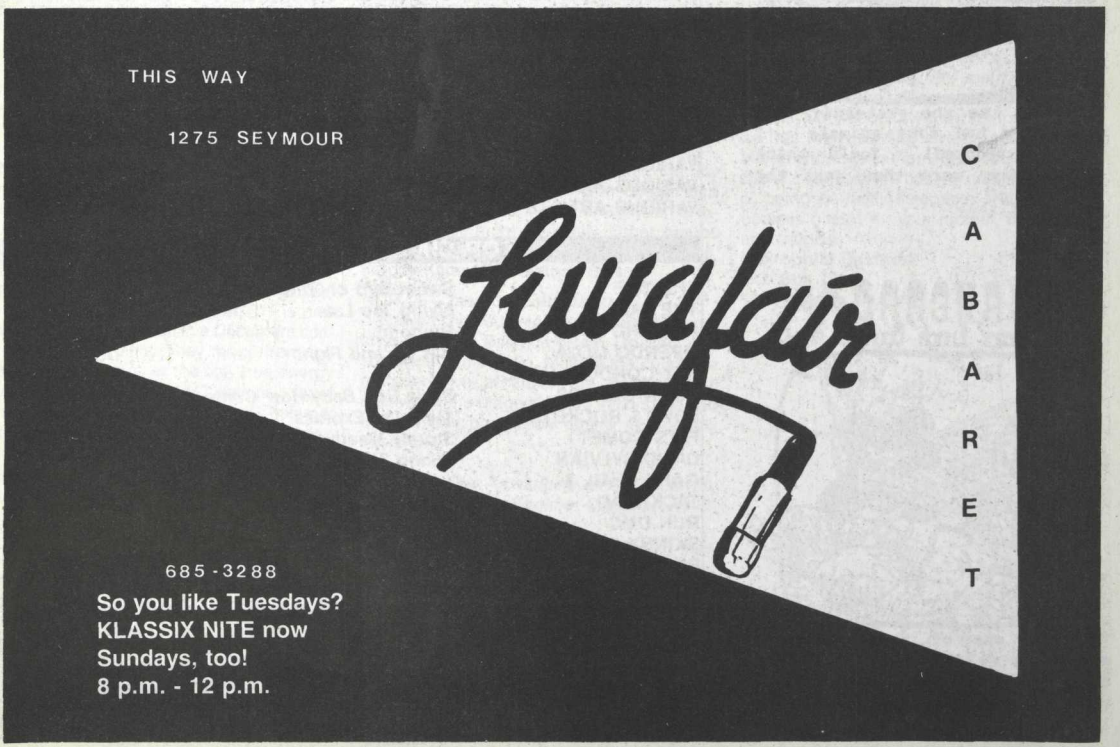
MUSIC OF OUR TIME
8:00 am-Noon
Talk about opening a can of worms. The month-long concentraton on Canadian classical music has expanded to fill all available time. Special features will include the Centennial opera *Louis Riel,* by Harry Somers and hopefully a listen to the music and words of some up-and-coming Vancouver composers. With your hosts Tyler Cutforth and Paul Smith.

ROCKERS SHOW
Noon-3:00 pm
The best in Roots, Rock, Reggae, DJ and Dub music with your hosts George (Family Man) Barrett and Collin Hepbourn.

MICHAEL WILLMORE'S ROCK TALK
3:00-6:00 pm
Authentic Rock 'N' Roll from the 1950s and 1960s featuring many collectors' items and rock rarities you'd never hear anywhere else.

FAST FORWARD
9:00 pm-1:00 am
Mark Mushet searches the world over for experimental, minimalist, avant-garde, electronic, and other non-mainstream sounds.

LIFE AFTER BED
1 am-4 am
The return of the nightmare from the people you're parents warned you about. Ugly radio has returned. Warn your avocados.
Floyd's Corner—Country and Western with Jeff G. Starts at 2:00 a.m.



"I think people that use toilet seat covers are saying to the whole world that they're afraid to get really involved with life."

"Went to the zoo yesterday, but they only had four animals - I was so shocked! You'd think they'd have more than just the four!"

"I have one of those digital clocks on my desk but I have to check the wall clock to feel really good about the time."

CITR fm102 cable100

TOP AIRPLAY ALBUMS

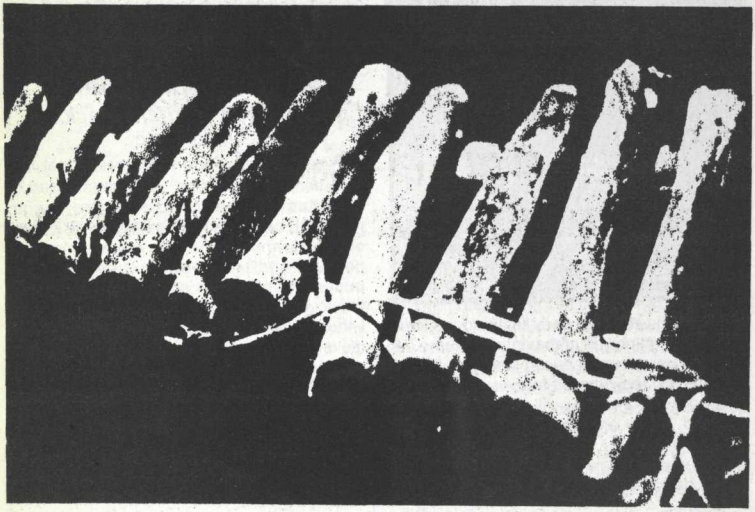
SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS	*Gun-Shy*	WEA
THE DEAD MILKMEN	*Eat Your Paisley*	FEVER
VELVET UNDERGROUND	*Another View*	POLYGRAM
THE JAZZ BUTCHER	*Bloody Nonsense*	GLASS/Polygram
R.E.M.	*Life's Rich Pageant*	I.R.S./MCA
THE WOODENTOPS	*Giant*	RGH.TRD./CBS
SHUFFLE DEMONS	*Streetniks*	STUBBY
GUADALCANAL DIARY	*Jamboree*	ELEKTRA/WEA
KEITH LEBLANC	*Major Malfunction*	WORLD
54-40	*54-40*	REPRISE/WEA
GAME THEORY	*The Big Shot Chronicles*	RATIONAL
EUGENE CHADBOURNE	*Corpses of Foreign War*	FUNDAMENTAL
VARIOUS ARTISTS	*Good To Go soundtrack*	RATIONAL
SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK	*The Other Side*	FLYING FISH
THE BODEANS	*Love & Hope & Sex & Dreams*	SLASH/WEA
THE SMITHS	*The Queen is Dead*	RGH. TRD./WEA
HONEYMOON KILLERS	*Love American Style*	FUR
JOHN LURIE	*Stranger Than Paradise*	CRAMMED
VARIOUS ARTISTS	*Fresh Beats*	CHRYSALIS UK
VARIOUS ARTISTS	*Imminent 3*	FOOD
VARIOUS ARTISTS	*Outnumbered By Sheep*	FLYING NUN

TOP SINGLES DEMO TAPES

THE THE	*Sweet Bird of Truth*	SOME BIZARRE
THE FALL	*Living Too Late*	BGRS. BNQUT.
RICHARD H. KIRK	*Hipnotic*	ROUGH TRADE
MPENDO MOJA	*Get Up and Fight*	**DEMO**
RAY CONDO & HARD-ROCK GONERS	*Skala Bop Baby/How Come It*	**DEMO**
LOVE & ROCKETS	*Kunkalini Express*	BGRS. BNQUT.
FATS COMET	*Stormy Weather*	LOGARHYTHM
DAVID SYLVIAN	*Taking The Veil*	VIRGIN UK
GARY CLAIL & TACKHEAD	*Hard Left*	WORLD
RUN DMC	*Walk This Way/My Adidas*	Profile/Polygram
SKINNY PUPPY	*Dig It*	Nettwerk/Capitol
BILLY BRAGG	*Levi Stubbs' Tears*	GO
ZODIAC MINDWARP	*Wild Child*	FOOD
JOOLZ	*Mad Bad & Dangerous*	**DEMO**
BOLERO LAVA	*Move a Groove*	LAVAROCK
GARY GLITTER & GIRLSCHOOL	*I'm the Leader of the Gang*	I AM
NICK CAVE	*The Singer*	MUTE
HE SAID	*Pump*	MUTE
BLACK FLAG	*Annihilate*	SST
FATS COMET	*Bop Bop/Zoop Zoop*	WORLD

VINYL VERDICT

Nekrophile presents Muzak for the Happy Dead



MAIL ORDER CASSETTES REmain the single best source of alternative music for anyone who is interested in getting off the beaten track completely (or as in my case, the deep end). Prices tend to be cheaper and there's such an endless variety and volume that record stores simply can't be expected to keep up. You do run the risk of getting burned; but generally you reap what you sow.

This is certainly true of Nekrophile Rekords in Vienna. Their catalogue is a fascinating (often disturbing) conversation piece on its own. As well, a wealth of literature concerning the beliefs of Nekrophile and the organization known as The Church of 2CR11 is provided. These are outlined in a Document containing 23 statements. They range from the use of Sexual Energy as the only true energy source at human disposal to Death as a function of Life and the basic doctrine of Thelema: "Do what thou wilt". The catalogue listed below is current to March, 1986.

NCR 01—**Korps Katatonik:** *Subklinikal Leukoktomy Aphrenia Spasmophilik Lyssophobo Asphyxia Sinister Lethal Anorex*

I haven't heard this one. They appear elsewhere and what I've heard is uneventful, faintly mystical and pleasantly industrial.

NCR 02—**Genesis P. Orridge/Stan Bingo:** *What's History*

This is the soundtrack to the film "In the Shadow of the Sun" by Derek Jarman. It has appeared in another form and is sometimes attributed to Throbbing Gristle. It also features Genesis' dog, Tanith.

NCR 03—**The Beast 666:** *An International Compilation*

All compilations have a tendency to be endemically spotty. This one is no exception. As the title would imply, all the pieces are associated directly or indirectly with Aleister Crowley. Some tracks are quite frightening—notably the two by Stigma Diaboli and Toy Muzik. Two tracks by Hunting Lodge lead toward a less abstract form, and rhythm is explored a little more obviously. Other groups include Mr. Vile Thumb, Zero Kama, Coil, Korpse Katatonik & Kathan Spiss.

NCR 05—**Zos Kia/Coil:** *Transparent*

I haven't heard this one either. Zos Kia consists of John Balance, John Gosling and someone named Min. Most of the cuts were recorded live at either the Berlin Atonal Festival or the Magenta Club in London, and as such the production quality is probably suspect.

NCR 06—*The Archangels of Sex Rule the Destruction of the Regime: Compilation*

Don't you love the title?

The only editorial information (aside from credits) on this cassette is the following: "I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power: the wand of the Force of Coph Nia—but my left hand is empty, for I have crushed a Universe & nought remains. All 111.72″. The standout tracks for me were by Sleepchamber, Metgumbnerbone & Zero Kama. The other tracks are by Ain Soph, Ewald Spiss & Coming to Now.

NCR 07—**Zero Kama:** *The Secret Eye of L.A.Y.L.A.H.*

I bought this cassette on the strength of a review in Options Magazine. It said in part that this was a group which had the involvement of David Tibet 93. As it turns out, both Tibet and Zero Kama deny this vehemently. All music is done with instruments made from human bones (drums from skulls, flutes, pipes, skullcaps and other types of percussion, xylophones and trumpets from thigh bones). Zero Kama are very much involved in cabalism, and with all the extreme paraphernalia of mysticism and magick, it could be relatively easy to dismiss the music without first listening to it. More would be the loss because it ranges from hypnotic to ecstatic—all hauntingly beautiful and very relaxing.

The catalogue also lists a videocassette to accompany *The Secret Eye of L.A.Y.L.A.H.* Evidently it will be 56 minutes long and so far only one minute has been recorded. Also in preparation is a cassette by *Coming to Now,* tentatively entitled *Closer to Silence.*

The emphasis is all the literature and catalogue is definitely on the Crowleyan imagery rather than the music, which unfortunately might preclude any attempt by a doubtful listener/buyer to keep an open mind. This would be a shame because most of the music is really very good. My only complaint might be that the recording level is quite low. Go ahead and write to them. Best bet: *The Secret Eye of L.A.Y.L.A.H.* It has the dual advantages of being perfectly listenable and providing endless gossip for your mother, neighbours and friends.

Nekrophile Rekords
P.O. Box 79
1080 Vienna, Austria

—Larry Thiessen

Honeymoon Killers
Love American Style

THOSE THAT SHOULD NOT BUY THIS record

- Firemen with no necks and struggling facial hair.
- Department store sales-girls who read Cosmopolitan and Vogue during coffee breaks.
- Older people with high blood pressure.
- Sports oriented, steroid addicts.
- Young Socreds.

Those that SHOULD buy this record

- Goths that pass the height of hair test at "Channel One"
- People who know all the episodes of STAR TREK by heart
- Necrophiliacs, disenchanted angst-ridden nihilists, anarchists, criminals, lumpenproletariats, taxi drivers, persons with no blood pressure
- Arts-oriented, never on time, eclectic connoisseurs of alcohol
- Yuppies on heroin

Slab of sound, demented guitars and pleading vocals are trademarks of the New York sound. Jerry, Sally and Lisa scream a pure black wall of noise that reminds you of your worst bad-acid trip while watching Lou Reed/Velvet Underground videos at half speed. (You've had that same bad trip? Amazing, like... cosmic awareness, Jung, Dr. Ruth). I've listened to *Love American Style* in the car, at home, at work, at play, and the brutal realization is that this record rates right up there with the best of SONIC YOUTH, LIVE SKULL and GLEN BRANCA.

Self-produced hysteria, the Honeymoon Killers are definitely prime candidates for early terminal burn-out. The "Batman" song which kicks off side 2 is extremely lame. It pales beside the rest of the record which rocks, dirges and otherwise screams to some of the best feedback since JESUS AND MARY

CHAIN. This in not an easy listening, melodic record. When played at maximum volume (as it should be), all your house plants will die and your cat will leave home forever; roommates will move out and you will be forgotten, depressed, lonely and poor for the rest of your life.

So... while you are sitting around your very small, dark room listening to *Love American Style*, all by yourself, drunk... high on every chemical known to man... remember, things can always get worse.

Back to who should or shouldn't buy this record. I keep thinking of someone who is organizing a funeral for a friend, a friend who while under the influence of ether tried to skateboard under a moving bus. I keep thinking of Elvis dying because he couldn't take a shit, and Muamar Quadaffi wishing he could be a girl.

—Travis B.

African Head Charge
Off The Beaten Track
On-U Sound

Some months ago I had heard that Britain's On-U Sound label had ceased to exist, that receivership or bankruptcy was imminent, if not already in the works. The sources, several of them, were reliable. Another potentially brilliant label had apparently gone under. Seeing as this sort of thing is "par for the course" in the world of independent labels, I thought it best to just lay the wreath and move on...

But no sooner do I accept the passing of On-U than appears a NEW African Head Charge L.P. by the name of "Off the Beaten Track", produced by Adrian Sherwood and released on the On-U Sound label. The pressing is German and there is a new contact address for the label, but it appears as if it's

business as usual at On-U. It's at this point that I realize that my only reason for mourning the departure of On-U was the anticipated drought concerning the availability of records by African Head Charge and its offshoots such as The Missing Brazilians, or continued collaborations with the likes of Annie Anxiety.

My first introduction to African Head Charge was to their third L.P. "Drastic Season". It was the most accomplished and sonically engaging dub-related music I'd ever heard. And while everyone is creaming themselves over the now formulatic production style of ADRIAN SHERWOOD, African Head Charge remained in control of an individual sound that seemed impossible to bastardize, even at the heavy hands of Sherwood. The music was thick, steamy, and exotic and for me it leant a degree of credibility to the "dub" genre. Let it be said at this point that I normally consider reggae (and its offspring) to be the most stagnant and regressive form of so-called revolutionary music in the known universe. The music of African Head Charge has changed that view somewhat, if only because they are aware of enough studio technique to avoid dousing every little squeek with more cheesey echo effects than you'd find in an empty well, the most common and irritating tendency of most dub "artists".

Off the beaten track it is. The music of this astonishing and somewhat enigmatic group of individuals is dense, atmospheric, and is capable of moving one to pulsate quietly in the corner. Dance music, yes. Mindless dub vocals, no. All "vocals" on this L.P. consist of tastefully injected "found" tapes. A barking dog is transformed into an incredibly well manipulated "vocalist" on a piece called "Some Bizarre". Add to this climate a middle eastern melodic sense, a didjerido, a touch from the Big Continent and you have a complete, rich, and rewarding L.P.

"Off the Beaten Track" should not remain so for long.

—Mark Mushet

The Hafler Trio
Seven Hours Sleep
Lay 17

"THIS PROJECT RE-AFFIRMS THE need for a complete change in our thinking about sound and its relation to the rest of our perception."

Yes, this statement, etched in the vinyl surrounding the label of "Seven Hours Sleep", is perfectly true. There is precious little thought given to the nature of perception, to our sonic conditioning, to the sounds in our environment, to the subject of psycho-acoustics (how sound interacts with the brain). Finally, there is someone in the so-called alternative music scene who is prepared to ask a few questions.

Enter: The Hafler Trio. Andrew McKenzie, Christopher Watson, and Dr. Edward Moolenbeek (probably of Dutch origin, if in fact he really exists). "Seven Hours Sleep" is a double L.P. on Belgium's wonderfully prolific and consistently brilliant LAYLAH label. It is their third release and should probably be considered their "magnum opus" as it combines the best elements and sonic samplings from their previous releases on Doublevision and LAYLAH. They have managed to put out a very coherent, well recorded, and well orchestrated journey into the world of sleepless dreams and the surreal.

In this world, an entrancing chord will suddenly be chopped into a cacophonous crowd scene, that will fade into a dripping sewer which will, in turn, collide with an equally disparate aural scenario. Surprisingly, it all meshes perfectly and succeeds, if you are prepared, in provoking some thought towards changing one's views on what constitutes a piece of music. No great revelation but, for many, a necessary step towards the appreciation of new music (a dodgey term at best).

The Trio have maintained a low profile since their inception two years ago. Each release is accompanied by liner notes so awash in psuedo academic dissertation on the "nature of perception" and mythical sound recording devices and laboratories that it can't be taken as anything but an elaborate (though effective) joke, unpretentious despite itself. If some reference points are necessary, the most important one would be Christopher Watson's past involvement with Cabaret Voltaire. Watson was the group's tape specialist and, as far as I'm concerned, their greatest asset. If

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one analyzes Voltaire's more obscure side (circa Red Mecca), it becomes obvious that the tape medium was crucial to its success. Watson left the "Cabs" just before their gross deterioration. He went to work in television, apparently. Hmmm.

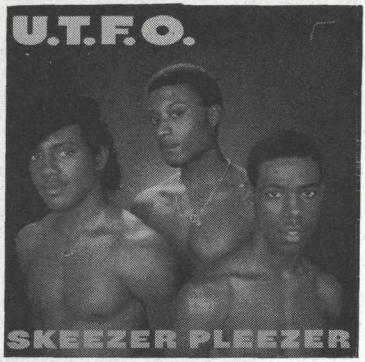
"Seven Hours Sleep", with the accompanying book of fragmented and obscure dream sequences, is fascinating. The only improvement I could forsee would be to have the record consist of a shallow triple groove that intersects at different points so that it would never be the same combination of sounds with each listen. It may take a while to fully appreciate the disjointed approach that the Hafler Trio take to achieve whatever ends they hope for, but THIS attempt is easily worth the price of admission.

—Mark Mushet

U.T.F.O.

Skeezer Pleezer

FOR MANY PEOPLE, RAP/GO-GO/FUNK/hip-hop New York and D.C. based music represents the height of repetition, for others it represents the ultimate in "hittin' and holdin' good to go raw sound." Either way you hear it, funk and its latest incarnations have branched out and maintained their street level sensibilities without going downtown, so to speak. This music reflects modern life in the inner cities of American, the moods and desires of the young (especially black) people. Often this raw sound lapses into the purely and completely trivial: how to get down, what girl is hot, what it means to work that body, etc, etc. But after all, we all need to get down once in a while.



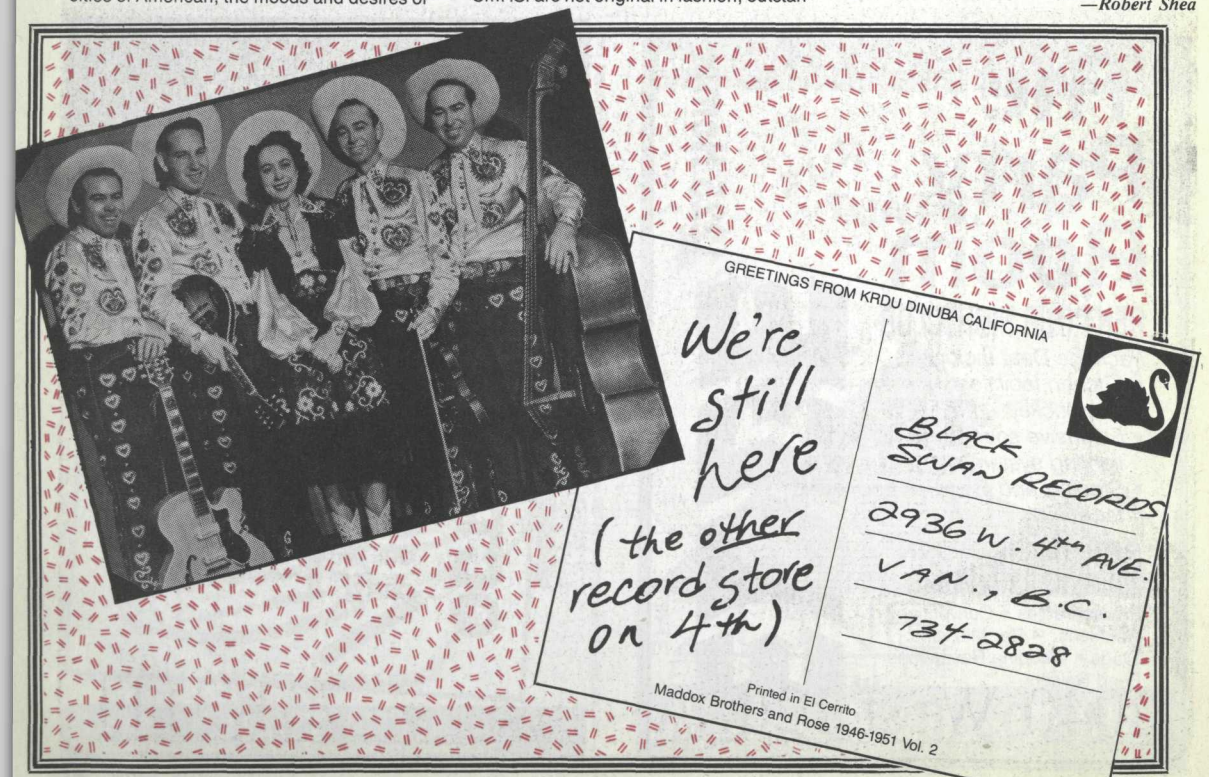
U.T.F.O. is a new young band. They are produced by a collective known as Full Force, and as such they are individually involved in a few other related funk projects, such as Real Roxanne with Howie Tee, and Whistle. Recording and production at Full Force is a hands-on experience, a very cooperative and non-dictorial method of making music; thus the personal and very informal way that its records come across.

U.T.F.O. are not original in fashion, outstanding in personality or even tremendously issue-conscious (they certainly are poise conscious, see back cover), but they have really expanded the beat box rappin' scratchin' sound. The format is predictable—drum machine, bass, vocals—yet it's combined with lots more character and soul than most. (That's James Brown style soul, not Aretha Franklin).

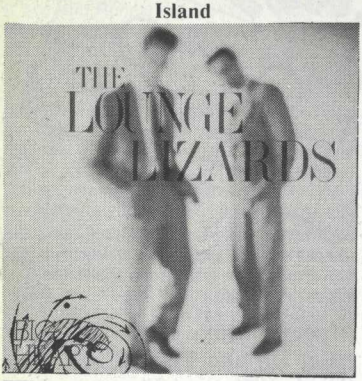
Beat of course is the prevailing criteria for funkiness, and variety is the attention-getter. *Skeezer Pleezer* possesses beat extraordinaire, from groove one to the closing throbs. Variety is maintained (a contradiction in terms?—not in this case) through creative alterations on timing and interesting combinations of rhythm and rapping. The instrumentation (one frequently lacking aspect of funk-rap) is fluent, place throughout the raps and rhythms with thoughtful pizazz.

Positive as my comments may be, I don't recommend an overdose of *Skeezer Pleezer* to those not already devoted to funk. (Do you want your life to turn into a Wagnerian version of The Big Show? I thought not). But if you have changed your name to Chill Mix, Joel Beat, or some other relevantly modern moniker, and you carry a huge ghetto blaster and worship the Grandmaster, then by all means throw down heavily with U.T.F.O., a lot. Even if you are not such a person (few of us are), somewhere inside you cognitive centre for assimilationof rhythmically induced beat instances, there is a toe tap with U.T.F.O. written on it!

—Robert Shea



The Lounge Lizards
Big Heart (Live in Tokyo)
Island



THE DOOR TO MY OFFICE SWUNG open and Effie Perrine poked her head in. "There are some gentlemen here to see you, Mr. Marlowe."

"Who are they, angel?"

"They call themselves the Lounge Lizards. They're *musicians*, Mr. Marlowe." Poor old Effie, I could see why Spade had fired her.

OK, send 'em in." I leaned back in my chair and wondered what these joes would want. They'd probably had their equipment ripped off and would want me to recover it. As if I didn't have enough to do, what with dames drowning in lakes, people falling out of high windows, and my partner getting shot yesterday. LA can be a tough town, if you live right.

I sat up then, because seven guys had just squeezed themselves into the rabbit hutch I call an office. I looked at them. They looked right back at me. As loung lizards, they had a long career in front of them: here New York, Tokyo, even. One of them stepped forward.

"Hi. My name's Lurie, John Lurie. This is my bro, Evan. I play alto sax; Evan plays piano. I'd also like to introduce Erik Sanko on bass, Doug Bowne on . . ."

"Skip it. What'd you birds want?"

"Glad you asked. I have here a copy of our latest record and I, and the other band members, would like your opinion. "Lurie threw me the disc. I read it. **Big Heart** by the Lounge Lizards. So what, I thought, but I put it on the turntable anyway.

The first cut, "Big Heart," was an upbeat, raucous instrumental heavy on the sax. I like it, and turned up the volume, in case the room had been bugged while I'd been in Frisco.

"Nice," I acknowledged, "but why my opinion? Huh? You guys are pretty hip, what do you want with opinions?"

Evan Lurie spoke, "We want to be stars." I ignored him and listened to the next piece, called "Hair Street." It was more bluesy, with a nice meditative middle break, and I found myself snapping my fingers to the beat.

"Well?" The brothers Lurie spoke as one. I motioned them to be quiet while I listened to the rest of side one. "Fat House" was more off-kilter jazz and then the side finished with "It Could Have Been Very Beautiful," which I liked. I liked it a lot, with its slow, seductive pace, and menancing underlying piano beat.

"It's good," I said, "Maybe even real good. But even if I do like it, that don't mean nothing outside this door."

"Listen to the other side," Lurie number one said.

OK. "I listened to the other side. "They Were Insane," eight minutes of alternating surrealism and pure dementia, followed by "The Punch And Judy Tango." This was not quite connected to reality either. I could feel the tango deep in the arrangement, but I couldn't pick it out with my ears. Very nice. The side wrapped up with a twenty second snippet, and then I stretched.

"You joes are good, I'll give you that," I said. "probably too good for your own good. To be stars, you got to give the public what they want. And what they want is not imagination, daring and innovation. They want repetition, routine, security."

The Luries looked at each other, aghast. "But, we put everything into that record. We even went to Tokyo to record it. It's got to sell."

"Hey, sorry, but if you wanted success you should have released TV themes of the '70s as sung by Andre the Giant and Hulk Hogan. Don't worry, it's a good record. some people will buy it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I got a murder to solve."

—Iain Bowman
(With apologies to Raymond Chandler)

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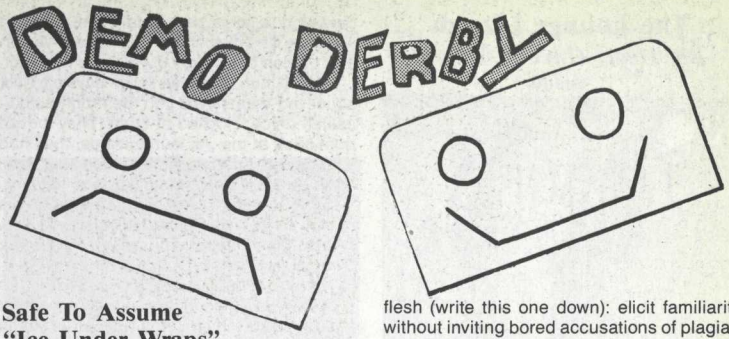


Safe To Assume
"Ice Under Wraps"

What can be done with bands/artists like this? Synth based electrobeat stuff that can be quite interesting, but almost invariably skewers itself upon the same basic flaw, the vocals. For some reason, Safe To Assume and too many others, insist upon extremely serious, and affected vocals. All that can be said is, lose the pretence and put some (pardon the expression) real emotion into it. Otherwise, lively interplay of guitar and synth, a few nifty little effects, and still faily raw and noisy (which I like).

Flammable Animal
"Brand New Day"

Identity from intriguing female vocals; sometimes sounds like. . .oh, can't place it but sure sounds fine. A key to success in the flesh (write this one down): elicit familiarity without inviting bored accusations of plagiarism. Pretty darn good sound, and the tune moves along well.

Mpendo Moja
"Get Up and Fight"/
"Trying To Fool I"

Just what is needed to help round out the Vancouver music 'scene'; here we have some LP quality reggae/dub on this local group's demo. Especially enjoy the dub.

Ted Clark Five
"Nothing Left To Lose"

Cutesy name which they should frisbee as soon as possible. Energetic guitar rock marred by muddy sound. Not very memorable but not without merit.

The Bottom Line
"Demolition 23/Lights Go Out"

Two songs connected together by martial drumming, and are actually quite different. 'Demolition 23' is surprisingly likable for something from a band I hate. A rockin' little thing, but unfortunately just an anomaly. 'Lights Go Out' brings back the old Bottom Line who sound like the only vinyl they've ever neard is Clash circa "Sandinista" and "Black Market Clash'. Too bad.

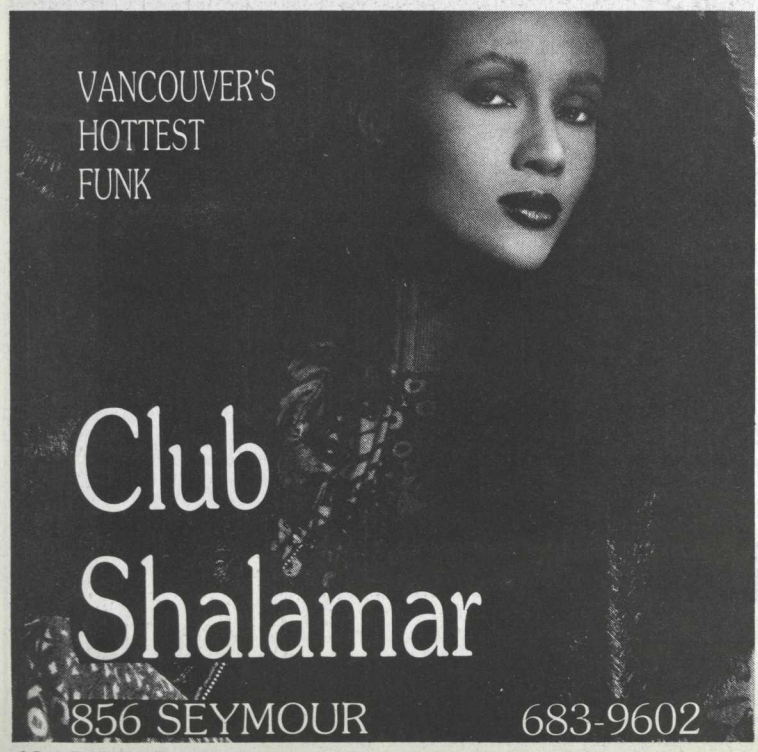
Drunk On Sin
"Little Girl Died"

Zowie, promising feedback geetar. Could be good, could be abusive, could change my life. Disappointing. Poor mix saps the life outta this one; guitar swallered by the voice and drums. However, vocals are "off" just enough to embody this tune with a character all its own.

Nico & '49 Dance
"Don't Call The Doctor"

The best for last? To hope, to dream. Ah, well, not exactly. Presenting that ever-so-common-in-Canada commodity of synth-funk/pop with a message. Don't care for this socially conscious ditty at all; hey, who am I trying to kid, I loathe 'Don't Call The Doctor'. Pathetic music with pathetic singing. Basically meaningless pretention; actually used the line "rich still gettin' richer." Lightweight, and M•M do it much better. This kind of lame pop/funk should be banned, now. It rots the brain.

—Kevin Smith



from p. 30

"CIA" Nancy whispered. "I hate 'em. You know, they bugged our bedroom. They listen to Ronnie and I *do it* at night!"

She then tried to explain to me what exactly she and Ronnie did, but fortunately Jerry Lewis and Liberace arrrived and pulled her away. I heard Lee mince, "Tell us what kind of pj's the Big Guy wears!"

I continued my search for Reagan. In a guest bedroom a group of TV evangelists were playing poker. Pat Robertson appeared to be down by a lot and was chain smoking. I left to look for a washroom but found it was occupied. Hearing giggling voices inside, I peered through a crack in the door and saw Attorney General Edwin Meese and PMRC head Tipper Gore sitting together on the side of the bathtub. They were busily tracing their fingers over a Dead Kennedy's **Frankenchrist** poster. As I turned away Frank Sinatra exited from an adjoining room with Lee Iacocca and several reputed mob figures. Old Blue Eyes turned and yelled in his best Jersese: "Dutch! Yule git Carlo his gamblin' loicence by Toosday, roight?" Then I heard the voice that millions of American's worship reply, "Sure, Frank. No trouble. I'll get the FBI off his back, too."

I proceeded in the direction of that voice and discovered an amazing scene. There on the floor, wearing only a house coat and slippers, sat the President of the United States. He was surrounded by minions who were cheering him on as he played with a giant slot car set. Reagan hooted and whistled and grabbed jelly beans from a large jar by his side. Closer inspection of the jar revealed that its contents were not jelly beans but amphetimines. One of the cars rolled off the track and Reagan screamed. Vice-President George Bush rushed over and put it back on the track, but Reagan had now lost interest. He looked up and started yelling: "Where's Weinberger?"

As if on command Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger entered the room with Mr. T. They were both wearing Gaddafi Busters t-shirts, and Mr. T was carrying a brief case cuffed to his wrist. Weinberger opened the case and produced 10 ounces of cocaine. He smiled at Reagan and in a Maxwell Smart voice said, "Fresh from Boliva, Chief."

While the gathered politicos waited for Weinberger to cut the lines, I siddled up beside Reagan and casually mentioned that I'd seen him in **The Knute Rockne Story.** Reagan smiled and asked me if I liked football. I nodded yes. He then yelled in a loud hyper voice, "The trouble with football today, is that they don't know how to tackle. Not like when I played!"

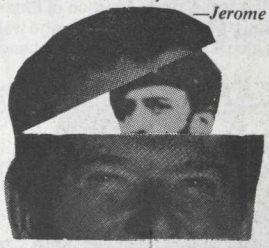
Reagan left the room and the coke cutting stopped. Everyone was staring at me, and George Bush appeared particularly angry. Reagan returned a moment later wearing an old Pop Warner leather helmet. In his hand he carried a football which he tossed to George Bush. "Somebody snap for Bush. I'll show you how to tackle."

A Secret Service agent bent dutifully over the ball. Reagan got into a lineman's stance. The ball was snapped and Bush just stood still. Reagan pushed past the Secret Service agent and nailed Bush in the midsection. The Vice-President went down hard and rolled on the floor in pain. Reagan stood up over top of him and turned to the assembled crowd. "This is no good. We need more blockers. Where the hell's that coke? Cap you take Bush's place."

Tired of this madness I slipped outside and headed for my car just as Ron Jr. pranced across the lawn dressed in gold spandex. The Beach Boys were now playing **The Halls of Montezuma.** I later heard that the barbecue broke up around two in the morning with Reagan receiving snaps from an eager George Will while demonstrating the Statue of Liberty play to Sammy Davis Jr. Nancy was last seen reprising her role in **Hellcats of the Navy** by nursing Mr. T who had passed out and was choking on his gold chains.

Although the events that transpired on Labor Day may seem shocking, I found them refreshing. Having seen Mikhail Gorbachev drop acid during last year's May Day parade, and now having seen this year's Labor Day barbecue, my suspicions are now confirmed. All people in positions of power and authority are insane, as if you didn't already know.

—Jerome Broadway



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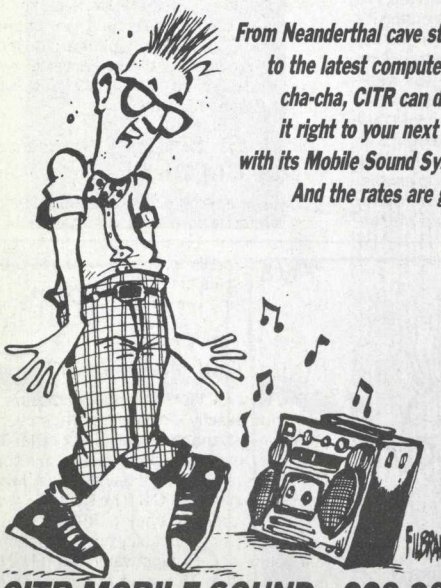

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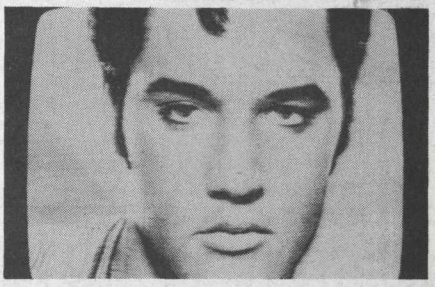

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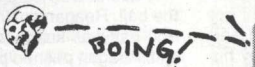
THE ROVING EAR

Labour Day in Santa Barbara

HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE UNEXplainable? One minute I'm talking tc an old high school friend, now working in Washington, and the next I'm in Santa Barbara, California making the 40 minute drive up to Ronald Reagan's 688 acre Rancho del Cielo in the Santa Ynez Mountains. The President throws a very private barbecue at his ranch, every Labor Day and somehow I was an invited guest.

I arrived at the isolated ranch around one-thirty to find the place crowded with familiar faces. Nancy Reagan was wearing an Annie Oakley cowgirl outfit and trying to do a Navaho rain dance. She fell down several times, tried to swig from an empty bottle of Wild Turkey, and threw the bottle in the direction of Entertainment Tonight hostess Mary Hart who was wearing an identical Annie Oakley. Hart, hanging on the arm of Chilean strong man Augusto Pinochet, ignored the missile and continued to laugh while the General, in a medal bedecked leisure suite, charmed her with tales of torturing students. I heard him say: "Maybe you like I should show you how we use the jumper cables?" Hart laughed and the two walked off not to be seen again for the rest of the day. Nancy turned and staggered back to the ranch house, muttering something about "that bitch that's wearing my outfit." The next time I saw her she had changed into an Annie Lennox-like black leather jump suit.

Off in the distance the Beach Boys were playing a surf version of **God Bless America.** I was about to go watch the band when a red nosed Secret Service agent, twirling a .38 on his finger Paladin-style blocked my path. I braced myself for the obligatory frisking but instead he whispered, "Weinberger ain't here yet, so ya may as well hit the bar. It's in the house. So's the old man." I moved on, wading through a sea of yuppies, until I was inside.



I found Reagan's ranch house to be similar to any expensive summer cottage, except that midget wrestling photos adorned the walls. As I looked for the bar, I heard a man behind me say, "Sure I can get you on Magnum P.I., Tom and I are like this!" I turned to see it was a certain network News anchorman with a certain teenage porn queen sitting on his lap. His hand, shaking uncontrollably, was working it's way up her thigh. Disgusted I went to the bar and found Reverend Jerry Falwell sucking back scotch like it was water. He was wearing a black Judas Priest t-shirt and was telling anyone within earshot that he could take both Bishop Tutu and the Pope in a fight with one hand tied behind his back. Ignoring Falwell I grabbed a beer and moved on to another room where I found CIA chief William Casey sharing a sizable joint with a group of Contras, one of whom I later saw trying to get out the door with Reagan's VCR. There were preppy White House aides everywhere, and several stood around actor Charlton Heston while two Supreme Court Justices quizzed him on who was gay in Hollywood. Casey looked up from his joint and yelled across the room, Ed Asner!" The conservatives all laughed. I moved on.

Secretary of State George Schultz was lying comatose in a recliner chair in the TV room. His sleeves were rolled up to reveal fresh track marks, and the former Ambassador to the U.N., Jean Kirkpatrick, stood over him holding a syringe. As I left the room someone asked me if Jean was doing her Cathy Smith impression again. I nodded. More laughter.

I was about to hit the buffet table when suddenly I felt a hand clutch my arm. I looked down to see leather clad Nancy putting the grip on me. She smiled dopily and asked if Mr. T had arrived yet. Then she pointed in the direction of the buffet and said, "See that? Spooks! I hate them!" I looked in the direction she'd indicated and to my surprise saw a black kitchen helper putting food on the table. A thought rushed through my mind. *Bigots in the White House! No wonder they haven't imposed sanctions against South Africa.* But then I looked again and saw that the First Lady was actually pointing at two very Christian-looking young men. ***cont. p. 29***

SAVOY

OCTOBER

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1 THE ZEALOTS	2 * JAZZMANIAN DEVILS	3	4
6	7 8 TO THE BAR	8 NAKED PARTY NERVE TUBES	9	* 10 POISONED	11
13 CITR 'Shindig'	14 ROCKIN EDSELLS	15 Spirit of the West	16	17 featuring Kirsten Nash THE SPEAK	18
20	21 BANFF	22 Montréal's dejavoodoo	23	EURO-POP 24 TRANSFORMER	25
27	28 WITH GUESTS THE GUTTER SNIPES	29	* with guests. 30	31 The Crimpolines	1

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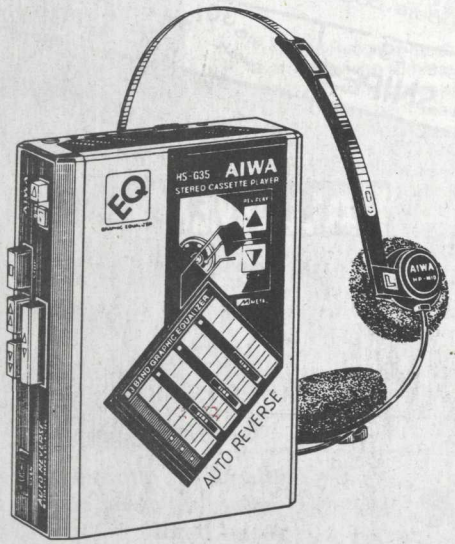

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